The Bucks County Gazette.

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"I THANK YOU!"

Three little words, nine letters wide,
And yet how much those words betide!
How much of thought or tenderness
This short "I thank you!" may express!

When spoken with a proud disdain,
'Twill chill the heart like frozen rain;
Or, when indifference marks its tone,
Turn love's sweet impulse into stone.

Be not afraid, my little one,
As time goes on beneath the sun,
While marching in life's motley ranks,
For all your blessings to "give thanks."

First thank your God for life so fair,
For tender mercies great and rare,
For health and strength, for home and friends,
And loving care that never ends.

Then thank the ones, whoe'er they be,
That do a kindness unto thee.
'Twill cost you little, pain you less,
This sweet "I thank you!" to express.
—New York Ledger.

A VILLAGE PRIEST.

Down in the dear south country, where palms and vines and olives grow all about, where the sun shines so generously, where seas are blue and skies are bluer still, there lies a little lonely village called Frescati.

Behind it are the great pine forests and the mountains of the Alps. In front there are the gleaming sands which are the great glory of that lonely shore, and beyond them the sea stretches away into the dim blue distance as far as the eye can reach. The little white cottages lie dotted about on the hillside here and there, a Calvary often gleams in the sunshine and sends the shadow of the cross over a brown mountain path, while in the midst of all, like a mother among her children, stands the church.

Such a beautiful old building!

One wonders how it ever got there, with all its beauty of antiquity and architecture, into that simple, solitary place.

Within, all dim and hushed, as it were; without, all gray and weather beaten, dating back as it does to some wonderful time ago. The great oaken door stood open to the sea below the whole day long. Into the cool, still place of God they would come, those simple villagers, one by one, from the pitiless heat and glare of the noonday sun, at the welcome hour when they rested for a short space from their weary toil.

"Come," their good cure would say to them, "whether you wish to be quiet, whether you have joys or troubles, whether you are sad or glad, only always come."

So they came. Anxious looking mothers, with their brown babies on their backs, young girls thinking of their lovers far out at sea, old men and women whose lives were more memories than anything else, they would come and sit in the midst of that silent peace, for at all times a sober, restful discipline prevailed, and perhaps they would forget the worries and the work outside, or at least go forth to meet them better armed and more bravely than before.

The simple souls of Frescati had all been lately stirred by an unwonted emotion, for a ghastly murder had been perpetrated almost in the midst of them by a hand as yet unknown.

The miller, who lived with his only son and daughter in the rambling old mill-house a little beyond the village, had been darkly done to death.

One evening when his daughter went to the garden to summon him to supper she found him lying near the granary door with a stream of blood flowing from his house and on his face the seal and silence of death.

A harsh, gruff man he had been, bitter to his neighbors, bitter to his children, yet no one knew of any distinct enemy who hated him enough to murder him. Curious rumors floated here and there, tongues were busy, malice and all uncharitableness were not asleep. Gendarmes from the nearest town came over, the house and gardens were diligently searched, even the mill stream was dragged for some distance in the hope of finding the dagger that had done the ghastly deed, but not the faintest clew was forthcoming. It had been ascertained that on the evening of the murder the son was storing lemons in the loft and had been found there by his terror stricken sister, quite ignorant of the awful fate that had befallen his father.

It seemed, indeed, as if the matter would have to rest there, as if the murder of the hard, unloved miller would only go to swell the list of undetected crime which every country has to show.

One evening—it was after the hour of benediction—the people had gone to their homes, and the priest was pacing the dusky aisles alone. Very weary and very worn was his face, weary with past vigils, and worn with the fierceness of a fight known only to himself and his God. His hands were tightly clasped behind his spare, nervous frame, and from his eyes all the glad, genial light that his people loved so well had fled. The great door opened, and a young man entered. He stood a moment hesitating, glancing fearfully and fitfully around, then stealthily crept into a near confessional. Both the opening of the door and the youth's entrance were unheeded by the priest. The communication between sense and brain was stopped, for the time being at least. Once, twice, thrice, he passed the confessional and its occupant, whose agonized eyes followed the black robe up and down through the gathering gloom.

The eyes looked imploringly at the somber figure that halted not, till from the purple and twitching lips of the penitent broke forth, "Father!"

It was scarcely audible, but as in sleep a faint whisper will often waken us when a loud alarm would fail, so then the whispered "Father!" reached the priest's understanding as well as his sense, breaking the thread of his reverie and recalling him to his surroundings and his duty.

"Have you time, father?" ventured the young man as the priest's eyes met his own.

M. le Cure bowed his head in assent and took his accustomed seat in the confessional. Through the grating he saw that his penitent was Baptiste, the miller's son.

Why did his eyes grow kinder?

"Father," hoarsely exclaimed Baptiste, "do not look at me; turn your eyes from me! Your eyes can read much that is in the soul, but they cannot read the horrible thing that lies in mine. How can I tell you?"

"My son," broke in the gentle voice, "you are telling God, and he is a loving and forgiving father. Think not of my identity."

"I know, I know," muttered the youth, "so you have taught me, but still—in pity do not look at me! Is there mercy or help for such as I am? Father, I am a—for the Madonna's sake come nearer the grating, but do not look at me." Great drops of moisture were on his brow. His face was livid; his hands were cold and clammy; his nails penetrated the flesh of his clinched hands as he gasped:

"I am—I am—a murderer—a parricide!"

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A little later and all Frescati was convulsed and surpassed itself in notes of horror and exclamation, for the murder of the miller had been traced to the village priest! The evidence was indirect and purely circumstantial, but such as it was was considered strong enough to convict the priest. People first remarked on his strange, sad ways, and how he had remained for whole nights in the church prostrate before the high altar. Then a woman came forward and gave damaging evidence against him. She swore to seeing him come from the miller's house on the night of the murder white and haggard, and she watched him from behind a hedge as he washed his blood stained hands in the mill pool, casting fearful glances all around him.

Many other things she swore against him too. Her small eyes glittered with a steely triumph. She had once been dismissed from the cure's house for theft when she had been his housekeeper. He had caught her in the act on more than one occasion and had at last dismissed her peremptorily. He had never mentioned the fact to a human being. And this was her revenge. When questioned as to why she had kept silence so long, she answered that it was out of pity for the priest, but that her conscience had at last compelled her to speak.

But then, it was rightly argued, one must have a motive. It was known that the old miller had the greatest antipathy toward the church and the priests, that he was an avowed unbeliever, and that he bitterly resented the influence of M. le Cure over his daughter. It was therefore supposed that he had attacked the priest on the subject and that the latter, goaded to madness by the miller's coarse abuse, or perhaps impelled by some curious fanatical impulse, had turned around and stabbed him mortally.

In the great hall of justice men and women waited in breathless silence for the verdict.

"Guilty!"

Those who heard it did not soon forget that dark, black word which broke the awful strain and tension, and which meant—death. When they heard the sentence, they crossed themselves, folded their pious hands in holy horror and thanked their God they were not as he was—they of that fickle fold. He had been so gentle, kind and strong, and they had loved him so, while all the time he had done an unsuspecting man to death. Ugh! to think of it. Talk about a wolf in sheep's clothing indeed! Never had white surplice been worn over so black a heart before!

That was what hurt him long and sorely as he lay in his little cell and pondered on the pain and grief that had come to him. Was it right that he—"the legate of the skies"—should suffer this thing to be? Would it not be offending the least of those little ones committed to his care?

But the secrets of the confessional are silent and sacred as the secrets of the grave. To disclose them were the height of infamy.

What though the dignity of the priesthood was at stake! God could take care of his own. No man may do wrong that right may come.

And then that strong, hopeless, hidden earthly love of his—the love for which his whole human heart cried out, the love denied him by his calling, his office and his vows—how brave it made him, how patient to endure, how glad to die!

Day by day he got thinner and very frail. Food rarely passed his lips, yet to those about him he often spoke of the thoughts in which he lived, the dear, familiar thoughts of the eternal years to come, and the peace and radiance shining on his face taught them more perhaps than the finest sermon might have done.

Once, in the twilight, for a little hour she came to him for his blessing and farewell. "Father," she said, "weeping bitterly, "you know that I at least will always keep my faith in you. And Baptiste too. He is sure you never did it. He is ill with anxiety for you, dear father"——

Then her beautiful, sorrowing eyes met his, and the exhaustless love and tenderness she saw there awoke some strange sleeping thing within her own heart to tremulous, rejoicing life.

"Beloved!" he whispered in her ear. It was the only word that passed between them, but they say it lasted her throughout her life—many millions of moments perhaps, and for them all one little word of spoken love.

One morning at dawn, according to the law, they led him out to die. The people of his village, who once had loved him, gathered in their hundreds to look on him again. His eyes filled with tears as he saw them his last prayer was for them, his face was turned to the soft blue sky—and so he died.—Montreal Star.

The Soldiers' Pace In Marching.

Colonel Hutton reminds us that the marching value of the army is that of its worst regiments rather than of its best, for we cannot afford to march so as to outmarch our worst regiments and thus deplete them of their men. The rate of marching laid down in the infantry drill, 1892—that is, 120 paces of 30 inches per minute—gives a rate of 3 miles 720 yards per hour or, including the five minutes' halt, 3 miles 220 yards per 55 minutes. This pace is, in the opinion of this officer, obviously too great for the movement of larger units of command than a battalion, or perhaps of a weak brigade without baggage train. It is universally accepted by continental authorities that the rate for marching under campaigning conditions is 2½ miles per hour, including 5 to 10 minutes halt.

The French, who have the tradition of being the best marchers in Europe, lay down in precise form the rate of march for their infantry at 2 48-100 miles per hour, including 10 minutes' halt, giving, therefore, 2 48-100 miles in 50 minutes, or 87 5-100 yards per minute. The Alpine chasseurs—the pick of the French infantry, who take special pride in their marching powers—march at the rate of five kilometers, or 3 1-10 miles, per hour, including 10 minutes' halt, or 3 1-100 miles in 50 minutes.—London News.

Electrical Terms and Slang.

Another electrical phrase has been transferred from technical service to the broader and more popular realm of slang usage. The Review several months ago called attention to the expression "Your trolley's off," which has come to be the latest equivalent for "You're off your base." And now the simple phrase, "live wire," has become slang.

To the electrician "live wire" means nothing more than a wire charged with a current of electricity, or through which current is flowing. The aptitude with which this phrase adapts itself to a slang meaning is well shown in the remark which a member of the Lotos club uttered in reference to a Russian drink:

"Vodka is 'live wire' when you don't know how to drink it, and when you do it is comparatively tame."

In this sense we have a new substitute for "hot stuff," "Jersey lightning." Conversely, "dead wire" might refer to a comparatively insipid drink, such as lemonade or apollinaris. A poor play, an untuneful concert, a dull book, may be criticised as "dead wire." An absorbing play, a tuneful concert, an interesting book, are "live wire."—Electrical Review.

The Toad In the Moon.

The red men who inhabit the whole western continent between the Rocky mountains and the Cascade range believe that the spots on Luna's face represent the form of a gigantic toad, and tell the following story to substantiate their queer ideas:

In time long past a little wolf, being desperately in love with a toad, went a-wooing one night and prayed that the moon might shine brightly on his adventure. His prayer was granted, and by the clear light of the moon he was pursuing the toad and had almost caught her when, as a last chance, she made a desperate spring for the face of the moon (which appeared much nearer than common) and succeeded in reaching that luminary, where she sets until this day in plain view of all the wolves of the world, which nightly howl in their agony whenever they think of how the toad outwitted their ancestor.—St. Louis Republic.

A CLEVER JUDGE.

How a Sister Sensitive as to Her Age Lost a Case In Court.

"Sie," said Abdullah as he appeared with his sister, Fatima, before the judge, "perhaps you will remember the brave Abbas, who died 30 years ago. He was our father, and left both of us his property in equal portions, on which we have hitherto subsisted in common. Fatima, it is true, has been peevish and quarrelsome during the last few years, but I always gave way, as I am a lover of peace. But I have recently chosen the beautiful Zoraida for my bride, and thought of giving her this valuable string of pearls—the most precious keepsake of my father's in my possession, for he gave it me on his return from a journey when I was 5 years old, and it has been mine ever since. But Fatima will have it that the pearls are part of our father's legacy and claims half of them as her share. She refuses to listen to my arguments and insists upon her claim—not, indeed, for the sake of the pearls. Oh, no. I see quite plainly she wants to spoil my pleasure and that of my bride elect, for my sister does not like the idea of Zoraida entering the paternal house as mistress. Now, wise cadi, give judgment."

The cadi bowed his head and said:

"Fatima, is the case as your brother has stated?"

"It is all quite correct excepting the assertion that the string of pearls belongs to him alone. How does he mean to prove that father gave it him? I dispute the fact and claim my share. My reason for so doing is immaterial to the question at issue."

"Well, Abdullah," said the cadi, addressing the plaintiff, "have you any living witnesses of any handwriting to prove that your father gave you the pearls?"

"I have nothing of the kind," was the reply.

"That is a bad lookout," the cadi continued. "I fear there is no prospect of an amicable settlement by persuading your sister to accept a sum of money for her share."

"No," she broke in. "I want half of the pearls!"

"Very well," said the cadi, beckoning to his clerk. "I must have a report of the case drawn up before delivering judgment. Say, defendant, your name is Fatima—what is your age?"

Here she blushed, hesitated, tried more than once to speak, but never uttered a syllable.

"How old are you?" the cadi repeated. "Speak!"

At last she replied in faltering tones:

"I am 28."

"Really?" said the judge, with an ironical smile. "I hereby award the whole string of pearls to Abdullah alone. Take them, plaintiff, and go your way in peace! Fatima is not your sister, for Abbas died 30 years ago, and she is only 28!"—Fliegende Blatter.

The Very First American Coins.

The very earliest coinage that can properly be said to be "strictly American" was ordered by the original Virginia company in the year 1612, only five years after the founding of Jamestown. These coins were minted at Somers islands, now known as the Bermudas. For a period of more than a quarter of a century after this, however, tobacco and beaver skins were reckoned as lawful currency. In 1645 the assembly of Virginia met and declared that it "had maturely weighed and considered how advantageous a quoine (coin) would be to this colony, and now much better it would be than a sole dependency upon tobacco and pelts." After this they provided for the coinage of copper coins of the denominations of 2 pence, 3 pence, 6 pence and 9 pence; but this resolution was never carried into effect. The first coinage in America proper was the series of coins "struck" at Boston under the order of the general court of Massachusetts, passed May 27, 1652, the coins being 3, 6 and 12 pence denominations, "in forme flatt and stamped on one side with the letters 'N. E.' and on the other the value of the piece."—St. Louis Republic.

A Deathtrap For Flies.

"Come inside a minute," said a Fourth avenue dealer in pianos yesterday afternoon. "I have discovered the greatest flytrap on earth, and I want to show it to you." He led the way to an instrument at the rear of the store, on which was a newspaper. On the paper had been placed a bunch of sweet peas. At least a thousand dead flies were lying on the paper in the immediate vicinity or in the bunch of flowers. "I threw these here by chance," he continued, "and in about 10 minutes I happened to notice that every fly that alighted on the flowers died in a very short time." Even as he spoke a number of insects which had stopped to suck the deadly sweet had toppled over dead. They alighted with their usual buzz, stopped momentarily, quivered in their legs, flapped their wings weakly several times and then gave up the ghost. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mirrors Have Been Used Many Years.

Ladies will be interested as to the subject of mirrors, and the first record concerning them dates back to the days of the venerable Moses, and they were made of brass. When the Spaniards landed in South America, they found mirrors of polished black stone in use among the natives. In the fifteenth century the first glass mirrors were made in Germany by a blowpipe and were convex. The first manufactory of glass mirrors for sale was established in Venice early in the sixteenth century. In the reign of James I men, women and children wore looking glasses publicly, the men as brooches or ornaments in their hats and the women at their girdles or on their bosoms.—Washington Star.

Blackbird Days.

Jan. 30 and 31 and Feb. 1 are famous at Constantinople, Brescia and along the Danube and the Rhine as the "blackbird days." A curious legend says that originally all species of grackles (blackbirds) were white, and that they became black because during one year in the middle ages the three days mentioned above were so cold that all the birds in Europe took refuge in the chimneys. At Brescia, Mr. Swainson says, the three days are celebrated with a feast called, "I giorni della merla," or "the feast of the transformation of the bird."—Philadelphia Press.

Bismarck's Early Love Affair.

An early love affair of Prince Bismarck's has been unearthed by a Tyrolean traveler. When the chancellor was still a fiery junker, he often visited the little watering place of Mitterbad, and at last fell desperately in love with Josefa Holzner, the daughter of the humble attendant at the springs. The father, who was a devout Catholic, would not hear of giving his daughter to a heretic. So the lovers parted.

As a Woman Sees Man.

A woman says that a man can take his life in his hand and go boldly into the trackless prairie to meet a herd of savage buffaloes, or he can traverse the horrors of an African jungle without a shudder in his body. But he cannot enter a fancy woolshop to match a special hue without breaking into a violent perspiration and finally rushing away without fulfilling his task.—London Tit-Bits.

A Tender Hearted Girl.

The Gazette of Emporia, Kan., says there is a young lady in Emporia who cries herself to sleep every night of her life in the terrible fear that her beauty has broken some poor man's heart during the day.

A LITTLE GAME OF DRAW.

He Was a Novice, but He Had a Bit of Leadville Experience.

There was a little game of draw on the other night. Four friends sat around the table. One of them was a novice. He had never played a game of poker in his life, but he was not averse to paying for a little instruction, he said, and besides he had to have something to do whereby to while away what would otherwise be a very stupid night.

He asked all sorts of foolish questions and threw his chips in so recklessly that his three friends were sorry for him. It did seem to be a shame for him to lose so much money, but then he wanted to play, and it wasn't their fault if they held the better hands. Finally a jack pot came around, and the novice, who sat next to the opener, raised the ante to the limit. Some one else saw him and went him a chip or two better. Then the novice tilted her to the limit again, and after he had done so looked over his hand and asked, "What did you say a straight flush would beat?"

The other players gasped. One of them said that it would beat anything in the pack but a royal flush, and the three promptly threw up their hands. The novice smiled blandly as he raked in the big stack of chips. Then he threw his hand down on the table. It was a simple straight, and that was all.

"What did you say that was a straight flush for?" asked one of the others, who had laid down three sevens and a pair of jacks.

"Well," said the novice, "it is, ain't it? They're all red, and they run along in a sequence."

Then the three carefully explained that the cards had to be all of one suit to be a flush, and after much questioning the novice seemed to understand.

The game went along for a time. Hands ran low, and not many chips changed owners. About 11 o'clock there was another jack pot. The novice raised the opener to the limit again, and the next man, who had fours, came back at him with another big raise. The other players staid, and the novice raised back. This made a pot with considerably over $100 in it. Everybody staid on the last raise, and the dealer said, "Cards, gentlemen," in a subdued sort of voice.

"Hold on!" blurted the novice, "I want to ask another question. I'm a little mixed on this straight flush business. If I've got five cards of the same suit and they form a sequence, I've got a straight flush, have I not?"

The other players remembered the former jack pot and winked at each other. They hastened to assure the novice that his supposition was correct, and the man with fours followed the opener's chip bet with a raise to the limit. The bright smile that came over the novice's face when he learned what a straight flush was had not faded. He was actually anxious to get his chips into the center of the table. He raised back to the limit.

"That's a good bluff," said the man with fours, and he tilted back.

The two others who had been trailing with fairly good hands all the time dropped out, and the novice and the man with fours bet until there was nearly $500 on the table. Then the man with fours grew compassionate and said to the novice: "Now, I don't want to make the learning of this game too expensive for you. Your little bluff went once, but it won't go this time, so I'll just call you."

Then the novice laid down a straight flush [illegible] the man with fours fell back in his seat in a helpless condition. When he recovered, he said slowly: "I'll quit this game. Such a dodblamed fool as you couldn't learn to play poker in 10,000 years."

"I don't doubt that," replied the novice as he cashed in his chips. "They used to tell me the same thing when I was in Leadville."—Buffalo Express.

A Relative of Napoleon.

An old friend of the Princess Murat contributes a reminiscent article regarding the life of the prince and princess in Florida. She mentions the following incident which occurred in 1866, when, Mme. Murat having suddenly become ill with symptoms resembling those of paralysis, a voyage to Europe was prescribed by her physicians.

She was received by her husband's relatives (Louis Napoleon and his family) with an affectionate welcome. She related many incidents of the southern Confederacy to the emperor and empress, together with the sacrifices and privations the south was called upon to bear. The princess asked the emperor, if he felt so much for the south, why he had not helped the Confederacy.

His reply was: "Cousin Kate, you all had my warmest sympathy and hopes for your success, but on account of slavery I did not dare to send an army to your assistance. Had I done so, I should have had a mob in Paris."

Mme. Murat spoke of the empress as a person of lovely character, being constantly employed in deeds of benevolence, even visiting the hospitals. The prince imperial she spoke of with much affection, he being then a most interesting youth.—Century.

Just the House She Wanted.

A story is told of a New York woman who became afflicted with the mania for change and finally succeeded in persuading her husband to sell their house and to try a new neighborhood. He reluctantly placed it in the hands of a real estate agent, and one morning shortly afterward his wife came into his room in a state of great excitement with a newspaper in her hand. "I have found the very thing that will suit us!" she exclaimed. "Do go at once and see about it before some one else gets ahead of us!" The poor man, thus adjured, hurried through his bath and dressing, swallowed a few mouthfuls of breakfast and arrived in a breathless state at a house agency mentioned—only to find that the attractive advertisement referred to his own house.—San Francisco Argonaut.



Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

HAWTHORN DIKE, WIMBLEDON PARK.

All the golden air is full of balm and bloom,
Where the hawthorns line the shelving dike with flowers,
Joyous children born of April's happiest hours.
High and low they laugh and lighten, knowing their doom—
Bright as brief—to bless and cheer they know not whom,
Heed not how, but washed and warmed with suns and showers
Smile and bid the sweet, soft, gradual banks and powers
Thrill with love of sunlit fire or starry gloom.
All our moors and lawns all round rejoice, but here
All the rapturous resurrection of the year
Finds the radiant utterance perfect, sees the word
Spoken, hears the light that speaks it. Far and near
All the world is heaven, and man and flower and bird
Here are one at heart with all things seen and heard.
—A. C. Swinburne in London Academy.

THE LOST FINGER.

The room blazed with light; the air was heavy with perfume; the orchestra, behind its screen of flowers, softly droned the minor strains of a stately minuet.

"No, Jean, my friend," returned the marquise sadly, "discretion is not, as you say, silence only. True discretion is renunciation of self, self sacrifice in every emergency, no matter how terrible, that carries it even, always unsuspected, to the point of heroism, which is why I assert that really discreet men do not live in this fin de siecle. Listen. I've a story to tell you. Profit by it if you can.

"You have heard people talk of him, Colonel Robert de Gedres; of his tall form, his handsome face, his indomitable bravery and unswerving loyalty"——

"And between whom and yourself, if I mistake not, marquise," Jean interrupted, "there was a talk of marriage till that unfortunate duel between his brother and your cousin Rocheverte created an impassable barrier between the families?"

Mme. de Logerolles hesitated a minute, then shrugged her shoulders lightly.

"You know that then!" said she. "Eh bien, it does not matter. The story, I continue it. It was summer, near Rouen, where Robert de Gedres, then commandant of one of the regiments of the Garde, was in garrison, and when the better portion of the city's inhabitants, flying from the heat of the town, sought relief and freshness in the many superb villas and mansions abounding in the environs.

"One of the handsomest of these properties belonged to a household that I shall designate, for convenience of recital, M. and Mme. de Lucenay. They were not Rouenais people, but Parisians, only M. de Lucenay was a rabid sportsman, and the vicinity of Rouen, at that time gorged with game of every description, had seemed to him the place of all others to install himself each year from July to November.

"If it pleased M. de Lucenay to run the woods with his keepers and dogs and watch over his boars, rabbits and goats, it did not give the same pleasure to the lady who bore his name. She cared but little for ragouts and solitude, an ennui shared by the better part of her neighbors, who, forced to depend upon each other for company, ended by becoming almost as one community. All day long, united in one or another of [illegible] gether and spent their evenings precisely the same way in all the traditional amusements of the country.

"Toward dinner time the husbands arrived from Rouen, bringing with them always a number of guests, whose strongest contingent was drawn from the circle of Rouen officers, among whom the most brilliant and popular was incontestably Robert de Gedres.

"One evening, after a little impromptu ball, where he, the colonel, had danced a great deal with Mme. de Lucenay, and she, after bidding her guests adieu, had returned to her chamber to prepare for bed, she was astonished and startled both when the door brusquely opened, and her husband hurriedly entered, clad in shooting garb and gaiters and with shotgun swung over his shoulder.

"'Two wolves, my dear,' said he, 'two wolves just reported that all summer long have been eating up my lambs and goats, and for which I and Renard here have tonight laid and baited a trap. Sleep well. Don't worry or look for me before morning. I'm late as it is, you know.'

"And with a hasty kiss upon his wife's brow and a call to the garde, arrayed like his master and hat in hand, awaiting his pleasure, the door banged to again, and M. de Lucenay, all haste and excitement, was off on his wolf hunt.

"The heat was stifling. Mme. de Lucenay threw off her ball dress, slipped into a loose white gown and passed to the balcony to look at the night and breathe the air awhile before going to bed. No breath of breeze, however, stirred the leaves, motionless and sad, and no sound rose from the plain and wood below but the dull, droning hum of nocturnal insects.

"Still heated and excited from the exertion of the evening and disinclined to sleep, it occurred to Mme. de Lucenay presently that a walk in the garden in the midst of the flowers and in the clear light of the moon would perhaps refresh and soothe her overstrained nerves.

"To reach the garden you traversed a broad conservatory opening directly into the salle-a-manger, itself separated from the salon by a wide arch draped with a heavy portiere and so arranged that when space demanded it, as on this evening, the three chambers could be thrown into one."

"Peste! What precision of detail! You know the house, then, marquise?" Jean again interrupted with a slightly significant smile.

"Certainly," calmly returned Mme. de Logerolles. "I have been there often and recall it perfectly. But interrupt me no more, please, mon ami. You embroil my memories."

And the marquise resumed her story:

"Mme. de Lucenay," said she, "opened the heavy iron bound door of the greenhouse and passed into the shadow of a broad alley of chestnut trees that led around the house and skirted the terrace in front of it.

"She had scarcely taken a dozen steps, however, when she stopped, trembling convulsively. A low, supplicating voice had called her name. She turned. Robert de Gedres stood before her.

"'You!' cried she, stupefied, 'and at such an hour! What brings you here, then?'

"'To see you,' responded he passionately. 'Nay, do not cry out, Germaine. God is my witness that two hours ago I did not dream of doing what I am doing now. On leaving you I walked on at random through the country. Suddenly, from a cross path, I saw your husband passing in hunting garb and with his gardes and dogs, and a mad idea seized me. I turned, came back and climbed the wall of the garden, without knowing what I was doing, and for nothing in the world but to be near you one moment, to regard only the windows behind which you slept.

"'Then, all at once, you yourself stood before me, you, the phantom of my shattered happiness, and you would bid me still be silent, still shut in the heart that beats only for you the secret that stifles it! I cannot! It is impossible! Speak I must, Germaine.'

"Mme. de Lucenay, stupefied by Robert's appearance and his passionate avowal of a love that now, through circumstances beyond their control, it was a crime even to remember, much less to speak of, had step by step recoiled from him, till both of them now stood inside the greenhouse door. Scarcely, too, had the words left his lips when she feverishly seized his arm.

"'Hear, hear!' she cried breathlessly, bending her head to listen.

"Through the silence of the night the sand of the lower alley crunched under the firm, alert step of a man—a man walking leisurely and whistling a hunting air.

"'My husband!' murmured she in a strangled voice. 'Ah, madman that you are, Robert, you have ruined us both!'

"'No,' said he briefly, 'he will enter the salon steps. I still have time.'

"'Yes, yes, perhaps. But go, go quickly, I beseech you!' Mme. de Lucenay returned wildly.

"And pushing him toward the still open conservatory door she brusquely closed it upon him and staggered back through the salle-a-manger. It was time. M. de Lucenay was entering the salon.

"Naturally at sight of his wife, all pale and trembling, too, he stopped astonished. She explained hastily as well as she could. She was so warm, and coming down for a little air his step had startled her somewhat. Nothing serious. It would soon pass.

"'But you, Armand, what means this speedy return?'

"'The fault of those cursed wolves,' said he. 'There was no drive at all. They were in the trap of their own accord when Renard and I arrived. We killed them at once, without a second shot even. But you were going for air, you say, dearest. Come, take my arm then. We'll go out together for a little while.'

"'Willingly,' began his wife, then stopped short and sank half swooning into a chair beside her.

"The moon, flashing suddenly from the clouds that covered it, had shown her plainly through the greenhouse door, an instant lighted up, the pale, anxious face of Robert de Gedres. One instant visible, the next moment lost in the night as again the moon was veiled by the clouds.

"Behold what had happened.

"At the moment when Mme. de Lucenay, terrified by the situation and the coming of her husband, pushed to the heavy, iron bound door of the conservatory upon the colonel, she had closed it so quickly and firmly that she had caught between it and the frame the index finger of M. de Gedres' right hand.

"At that moment M. de Lucenay entered the salon. In spite of his agony Robert de Gedres had strength enough to restrain a cry, though suffering a torture that for a moment made it seem as if he must swoon outright. As soon as he could for the pain and faintness, he sought to extricate his hand and return as he had come.

"But, alas! a crueler pang still warned him that he was not free to go; that the iron mountings of the door clung still by a strip of flesh to his broken finger and held him a prisoner.

"Again, at the same moment, the raised voice of M. de Lucenay, proposing to lead his wife to the garden, reached him through the glasses, and by the dim light burning in the salon brackets he saw him extend his arm and saw his wife rise to accept it.

"In one blinding flash all the consequences of his mad act were seared upon his brain, all the drama that was going to pass, the horrible scandal, the right to justice that the husband would demand for a fancied outrage, and this woman, this irreproachable wife, whom with all his soul he loved in spite of the barriers between them, would be ruined, scandalized, possibly killed, through him, who would willingly have died to save her.

"To save her! Ah, a thought had struck him—he could, he would, save her!

"Fumbling feverishly in his pocket, he drew out his knife, opened it with his teeth, and with one swift, unhesitating cut the crushed bone and flesh were through, and Robert de Gedres, the bleeding stump wrapped in his handkerchief, disappeared in the night.

"Next morning, at roll call, instead of the colonel, a messenger arrived from the doctor, bringing the intelligence that M. de Gedres had grievously wounded himself that morning cleaning his revolver and had gone, by his orders, to recover from the accident at his country seat of Loupe-Solange."

* * * * * * * *

Mme. de Logerolles stopped. Jean wiped his moist brow.

"Zounds, marquise," cried he, drawing a long breath to relieve the tension of his feelings, "that's a creepy story of yours, but if, as you say, De Gedres was so discreet, how did you come to know so by the card all the peripatetics of this adventure?"

The marquise stood up briskly and smilingly.

"Jean, my friend," said she, "the cotillon and my story both are ended. Profit by it. Be discreet, ask no questions and, above all, in thy love affairs never let thy finger be caught by the door!"—From the French.

Covering Up Truth.

A certain man in Detroit, who goes fishing two or three times a year and brings home more stories than fish, was talking to a friend not long after his last trip.

"And what did your wife say," inquired the friend, "when you told her you had caught 47 fish, none less than a pound weight?"

"That wife of mine is a queer woman," was the reflective response. "You know that statue of truth we have there in the parlor without any clothes on?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you know, when I told her what I had caught, she didn't say a word, but went right over to that statue with tears in her eyes and wrapped a rug around it. Now, what in thunder do you suppose she meant by that?" and his friend assured him that it was entirely beyond his explanation.—Detroit Free Press.

Where Love Grows Perfect.

Some celebrated man who saw a little clearer than others once said, "The fear of looking like a fool has prevented many a man acting like a hero."

This unworthy fear, which consists largely of self conceit and self consciousness, is the great vice to be eliminated in growing from the heart out. There is nothing but love which can utterly overpower it. It is that love which is a love to God and a love to our fellow men, and which, growing greater and greater in the heart, finally casts out self conscious fear, as well as every other baser thing. Where love grows perfect there is room for nothing else. —Harper's Bazar.

The Scotch lassie believes that should she by accident drop her new shoes before they are worn they will surely lead her into trouble.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

STARTING A BALKY HORSE.

An Incident Which Indicates That Horses Have as Much Sense as Some Men.

An old white horse attached to an empty express wagon balked at the corner of Twenty-sixth street and Broadway the other day, and for three-quarters of an hour successfully resisted every attempt to make him move on. The driver belabored him with a whip, tugged at the reins and yelled, but to no purpose. Then a crowd gathered and began to give advice freely. One man seized the horse by the ears, another grasped the bridle and began to pull, while two or three others braced themselves against the animal's hindquarters and tried to push him forward. The creature didn't move a foot.

One wise fellow blindfolded the horse with the driver's coat, after which he declared the animal would move right along, but the plan was a dismal failure. Another insisted that if a plug of tobacco were forced into the creature's mouth he would be all right, saying which he thrust a big piece of navy twist between the horse's jaws. The stubborn beast shook the dose from his mouth and remained immovable. Meanwhile the crowd continued to grow, and every newcomer had a plan of his own for solving the problem, which by this time had effectually stopped the movement of vehicles in Broadway for two or three blocks in either direction. The horse was apparently there to stay. The driver was in despair. The four or five policemen who had been drawn to the scene by the gathering crowd looked sheepish and puzzled.

A lady who had watched the scene from the window of a neighboring cafe finally turned to the gentleman accompanying her and said: "Go and start that horse. These men never can do it. They don't understand. How shall you do it? Simply take a halter, walk up to the horse quietly and hitch it to his bit ring. Take the other end in your hand, speak to the horse gently but firmly and lead him away." The gentleman went out and borrowed a hitching strap from a hackman, and the crowd jeered him as he approached the balking horse. He attached the strap to the bit ring as directed, patted the animal kindly on the neck and took the end of the halter in his hand. With a word of command he started to lead the way, and the horse followed as promptly and obediently as if that were exactly what he had been waiting for all the while. The crowd stood back in wonderment and admiration. Some of the superstitious ones declared that the animal had been hypnotized.

"There is no trick about it," explained the little woman laughingly to her friends as the gentleman rejoined the party in the cafe. "With all those half witted men fooling around that the horse [illegible] he knew as much as they did. What he needed was neither beating nor yelling, but the presence of a master. To a horse as to other animals the hitching strap, rope or chain is the token of his own subjection. The sight of it will subdue him when all other means have failed. Horses are a good deal like some men—you may lead them easily, but you can't drive them."—New York Herald.

Dangerous Work Seeking Orchids.

The pursuit of orchids in Madagascar appears from a letter of that indefatigable collector, M. Hamelin, to be a task of no little danger and difficulty. It was only after a year spent by the favor of Moyambassa—a king of a powerful tribe fiercely hostile to foreign encroachments—in exploring a territory almost inaccessible to Europeans, that he discovered the gorgeous orchid now known as Eulophiella elisabetha. It is a parasite growing only in a very limited region and on trees of slow growth. To secure the plants, which flourish on the tops of the tallest of these trees, he was obliged to have the trees cut down and carefully gather all the plants himself. Although this French botanist had well armed men with him on whom he could rely, he was compelled to constantly guard against surprises by the warriors of neighboring tribes.

Besides this the party were compelled to keep a watchful eye upon the wild animals haunting these primeval forests. The most terrible of all is the Madagascar "protocrytoferox," whose favorite haunts are among the masses of foliage where the eulophiella grows. This small but exceedingly dangerous animal is described as crouching in the forks of trees, hidden among the rich tropical foliage and climbing plants, and there watching for its prey. It is exceedingly agile, and the moment its victim approaches it slides silently down and in one bound is on the top of it, a picture of horrible ferocity.—London News.

Carriers of Bacilli.

Professor Uffelman infected a letter with the bacilli and put it in the ordinary way into a postbag. In the course of 24 hours the letter was taken out, and the bacilli were still living. They were also found still living on postal cards 20 hours after infection, but on coins they seem to die with great rapidity. The reason for this difference could not be discovered. On woolen and linen stuffs the bacilli enjoyed a particularly long life. The busiest and most effective infection carrier was found to be the common fly.

A fly which had been infected by being put onto a mass of cholera bacilli was placed on a piece of beef. When the beef was examined soon after, it contained an enormous quantity of living bacteria. Professor Uffelman deduces from his experiments the oft taught lesson that in time of epidemics the most scrupulous cleanliness is the best safeguard.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

He Had Seen the Scarecrow.

One Somerville young man who was spending a fortnight in the country lost all chance of making a favorable impression on the farmer's pretty daughter the very first day he came. Her father came by the front of the house, where the young man was trying to make himself agreeable, and the girl introduced him, saying:

"This is my father, Mr. Smythe."

"Oh, yes," responded the young man, turning toward the old man, and slowly holding out his hand. "I saw you standing over in the cornfield a little while ago, when I came up the road."—Somerville Journal.

Rebuke of a Purist.

"The unprotected female in Massachusetts," says the Boston Herald, "finds Massachusetts a better place to live in than any other part of the country." Did you intend your remark to apply to female cats and chickens and oysters and other such creatures, contemporary, or only to "females" of the human species? And if you meant to speak of women, why not call them women?—Charleston News and Courier.

AN AGILE HISTORIAN.

What Brother Bill Won In a Canadian Bicycle Race.

The thick necked barber was telling about a road race in which his brother, who is somewhat of a bicycler, had ridden.

"Why," he said, "that race was just like pie for Bill. He won that medal as easy as if he had found it."

"Where was it?" asked the man in the chair.

"Over in Canada. You see, it was this way: Bill hadn't been doin much trainin, but I says to him that that race was a puddin, an he went into it. He won in a walk. The prize was a $150 bicycle."

"Had an easy thing, did he?" asked the man in the chair.

"Easy ain't no' name for it. He got that horse an buggy that was hung up for the prize as slick as if some man had come along an give it to him. It was a cinch."

"Were there any other good riders in the race?" asked the man in the chair.

"Oh, half a dozen or so was scratch men, like Bill; but, you see, Bill didn't mind no little thing like that. He said to me before he went over that he was out for that grand piano that was put up for first, an he didn't take no chances. He just cut out the runnin from the very start, an when he got home he says to my sister, says he, 'Sis, I won you a grand piano over there of them blamed Canucks, an it will be over here in a day or two,' says he. An, say, that piano is a daisy an no mistake."

"Pretty valuable prize," ventured the man in the chair.

"Oh, sort of. Besides the piano, there was a $250 watch that was hung up too. Bill he just naturally cabbaged the hull outfit. When it comes to ridin a bike, Bill's as good as they make 'em."

Just then a lantern jawed, stoop shouldered youth strolled into the shop. "Hullo, Bill!" said the thick necked barber. "I was tellin this gentleman about the prize you took over in Canada the other day."

"Yes," said the man in the chair, "as near as I can make out it was a medal, a bicycle, a horse and buggy, a grand piano and a $250 watch."

During the recital the lantern jaws of the youth opened wide in astonishment. "Was that what he said?" he asked.

"As near as I could make out," replied the man in the chair.

"Well," said the lantern jawed youth slowly, "that's pretty close for him. What I got was an oak rocking chair."

And the thick necked barber took an inch of skin off the chin of the man in the chair for revenge.—Buffalo Express.

A Yale Student With a High Stand.

It was during a period when President Porter was holding recitations in the Athenaeum that the following story is told, the substantial truth of which is vouched for here: In one of the class divisions was a young fellow active in athletics, who found it difficult to blend proficiency in baseball with the 40 pages of advance and review which made up the normal day's lesson in Dr. Porter's bulky volume on "The Human Intellect." Taking advantage of Dr. Porter's easy going recitations, the young fellow hit on the following device: He divided the 40 pages into eight sections of five pages each. For each section he prepared an answer, usually based on a suggestive line or two, sometimes evolved from inner consciousness. At recitation he simply watched Dr. Porter turn the pages, basing his answer absolutely on the number of pages turned. From pages 5 to 10 meant answer number two, from pages 25 to 30 est attention otherwise being paid to the question.

The young pioneer in psychology, who rattled off the answer with all the flexibility of speech and earnestness he could command, always met a gracious smile from Dr. Porter and found subsequently by this audacity he had secured a stand in psychology among the first half dozen in the class. Years after he met Dr. Porter and explained the trick and its result. The president turned the thing prettily. "Mr. Blank," answered he, "if you got eight ideas out of each 40 pages of my 'Human Intellect,' you got so many more than most of your class that you deserved your stand."—New Haven Cor. New York Post.

An Entomological Paradox.

Of all the wonderful creations of nature few will excite greater amazement if given microscopic examination and careful attention than the common little insect known as the "vine fretter." Catch one of these little mites at the moment of its birth, this in the spring or early summer—they are actually born and not hatched as other insects are—and put it where it has no chance of contact with others of its species. Within a surprisingly short period it will give birth to others of its kind. Instantly isolate the new arrivals, and after they have acquired a certain growth it will be noted that they, too, are reproducing their kind, just as their progenitor had done, all of which proves that these beings of extraordinary fecundity are real androgynous creatures without distinctive sex.

During the spring and early summer all vine fretters are viviparous—that is, they bring forth their young alive. Toward the beginning of autumn, strange as it may seem, all is changed among the new as well as the older generations, each laying eggs which are not hatched until the return of warm weather the following spring. —St. Louis Republic.

Had Written Some.

There never lived a man to whom ostentation and self advertisement was more distasteful than the Rev. Thomas Mozley. There is a story told of him to the effect that when he was in treaty for the publication of one of his early books, his publisher, who only knew of him as the quiet country clergyman, and was rather doubtful as to his literary capacity, asked whether he had ever written anything for publication before.

"Yes," replied Mozley, "two volumes of sermons"—the publisher's face dropped—"and about 7,000 leaders for The Times."—London Tit-Bits.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

With Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain and with perfect safety. It cures catarrh, hay fever and colds in the head. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives immediate relief. Price 50 cents.

My catarrh was very bad. For thirty years I have been troubled with it—have tried a number of remedies without relief. A druggist advised Ely's Cream Balm. I have used only one bottle and I can say I feel like a new man. I make this voluntary statement that others may know of the Balm.—J. W. Mathewson, (Lawyer), Pawtucket, R. I.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1893.

HE IS fortunate these troublous times who can forget the vexations of human life, and give heed for a while to existence other than human. Among the hemlocks on the bluff at Florence Heights, there are squirrels, and to see them careless poised on slender twigs, eating hemlock cones, or the kernels thereof teaches a lesson that man is not at the top of creation in everything. He has no such agility as the squirrel displays. It matters nothing to the squirrel that the hemlocks overhang the water, nearly one hundred feet below, if the bended twig should break, there are scores of others to which to cling. If the tree slid bodily down, there is but a leap to be taken to the tree next that does not slide, and whatever the conditions, the squirrel is quite unconcerned. Here too it has the advantage. Who of us can preseve his equanimity when a landslide is imminent, and gives no heed to the possibility of treacherous footholds? Might it not be that if we were better prepared at all times, we would not, individually and collectively get frightened so easily, and in so doing, threaten disaster to the country? Many a man as an individual has proved a marvellous production of Nature, but mankind in bulk too often is a quantity to be wondered at, rather than admired. That a crank can carry off the wits of a crowd and reduce them to a lower level than any brute ever descended to is quite inexplicable, but very true. It is unfair to speak of inhuman humanity as brutal, for no beast of the field is quite as fiendish as man has been occasionally. There is many a useful lesson to be learned by turning your back upon the town and your fellow-men and seeing what goes on in the so-called lower orders of creation. It does you the invaluable good of lessening your conceit. Many a squirrel is too polite to say so, but often shows that he thinks "what a blank idiot that man down there is."

IN THE Popular Science Monthly for September, Mr. Henry C. Mercer, of Doylestown, graphically describes his discovery of Indian jasper quarries in Lehigh county. A year previous, the quarries in Bucks county were thoroughly explored by Mr. Mercer and Chas. Laubach, of Riegelsville. One of the most telling exhibits now at Chicago, of the immense archæological display, is the result of diggings not far from Bristol, made by Ernest Volks, of Trenton, N. J., under the direction of Prof Putnam, of Cambridge. At the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Madison, Wisconsin, the Delaware valley and its archæology was more discussed than any other subject, in the anthropological section The uniform result of the explorers who have worked this particular field is a conviction that man first appeared upon the scene, a very long time ago. The old notion that the Indian had not been here long, when the white man came, has to be given up. The Indian was here when the face of the country and the climate were quite different.

THE textile workers, of Philadelphia and vicinity, held a convention at Textile Hall, Kensington, on Tuesday evening, and adopted a resolution petitioning Congress not to meddle with the present tariff on textile products. There were present delegates representing 75 different factories Some of the speakers declared that fully 75 per cent. of the operatives in the mills in Kensington were either out of employment entirely or working on short time, and several speakers said that the families of workmen were actually starving.

The delegates were thoroughly in earnest, and there was entire unanimity of opinion that the sole cause of the shutting down of the mills was the uncertainity as to what the present Administration may do with the tariff. "The simple truth," said one of the men after the meeting, "is that our families are hungry and we want bread. We don't pretend to understand the fine system of free trade, but we do know that we can earn a living under a protective tariff and now many of us are earning nothing."

IT IS said that the Federal Elections Bill is to be repealed, Senator Hill having the matter in charge. This is natural. No Democrat dares face an honest count or conduct an honest campaign. Their success is due to crooked methods, including misrepresentation, and a Davenport to see that illegal voting did not take place, must be a particularly sharp thorn in their sides. The Federal Elections Bill doubtless is doomed, but it will be revived unless Democratic methods improve and that party, as such, dares to become honest. Will it? Possibly, about the time that the echo of Gabriel's trumpet is lost in the Heavens.

THE great American drama of Tariff Reform has begun On September 5th the curtain rose and exhibited to the country the Ways and Means Committee of the Democratic House of Representatives of the United States, in readiness to hear arguments upon the question of the revision of the American tariff.

And who do our readers suppose were the first actors to appear upon the stage? Naturally, one would think that the American farmer, or the American workingman, or perhaps, the American manufacturer, or possibly even that great aggregation of all the crimes in the calendar, the American capitalist, would be the first to be heard by an American committee of the American Congress upon the question of American Tariff Reform. But none of these appeared upon the stage. The very first claimants for the benefits of American free trade are Messrs. Thomas J Watson and Samuel A. Masters, delegates from the Bermuda House of Assembly, members of the legislative body of a British colony, who come to this country weighed down with arguments to show that the American tariff must be reformed, and, according to their view especially in the interest of the people of Bermuda.

Mark this well, good reader, and ponder over it There is much food for thought in this. And what are the arguments that these gentleman adduce? One would expect from what we have heard in the late campaign that they were here to tell us of the great benefits that England and her colonies had derived from free trade, that they were simply messengers sent here in the goodness of the English heart to tell their American cousins what would happen to benefit America under the benign influence of free rade.

But contrary to this, their argument was entirely upon the lines of what would benefit Bermuda. We have heard from the Democratic orators, and from the political economists of the free trade school, until our ears were dazed with the iteration, that "the tariff is a tax which is paid by the consumer," but these gentlemen from Bermuda say that *the tariff upon Bermuda goods is a tax which is paid by the Bermuda producer*, and their effort is to get this tax upon the Bermuda producer taken off.

They further say, "The duty paid on the products of Bermuda under the McKinley tariff in 1892 amounted to $10 per head for the whole population." That is to say, that under the Mckinley tariff the people of America received as tribute from the British dependency of Bermuda $10 per head of the entire population, and this is the tax which naturally enough these British Islanders wish to have remitted.

They say further, "The goods would sell for just as much if there were no duty, but the Bermuda farmer would make the duty as the buyer would not deduct it as he does now." This statement is so entirely at variance with all the declarations by the Democratic orators as to the workings of the McKinley act, that we can scarcely believe our eyes as we read it, and we wonder why under the sun our Democratic friends did not keep these gentlemen at home in Bermuda Mark this well, good reader, for there is much food for thought in this statement "The goods would sell for just as much if there were no duty" That is to say, by taking off the duty upon the products of Bermuda the American consumer will get them no cheaper, but as is shown by the declarations of these gentlemen themselves, the duty will go into the pockets of the Bermuda farmer and the United States of America will fail to collect this tribute of $10 per head from a foreign British dependency.

It seems somewhat remarkable that this first declaration of the actual workings of free trade made by the parties in interest should be so utterly at variance with what the Democratic orators and the free trade economists have been telling us these many years.

It seems somewhat remarkable also to find that the practical workings of Tariff Reform, as evidenced by the present times, are so utterly at variance with what the Democratic orators and the free trade economists have been telling us so many years. It has been said all along the line that if the great staples, corn, wheat, cotton, wool and iron were cheap, that then the wheels of industry would be humming and buzzing all over the land. Now at this writing, there never has been a period in the world's history when cotton, wool, corn, wheat and iron have been so cheap A dollar will buy more of any of these products now than at any other period since the world began. Yet, under this condition of affairs, mills and factories instead of starting up are shutting down at the rate of from thirty to fifty per cent. Truly, there must be a screw loose in the theories of free trade. It remains to be seen whether this great drama will prove to be a comedy or a tragedy.

IT WOULD seem that the persons who should be heard on the tariff debates now going on at Washington, are the owners of closed mills and idle employees.

—Advertise in the GAZETTE.

WE HOPE that the reason so many papers are criticizing the article of "Holland," the brilliant New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, on the condition of President Cleveland's health, is not due to a little jealousy because the Press got ahead of them. But we must confess it looks a little that way. "Holland" has always been an efficient and a most reliable correspondent While Cleveland may now be in a good state of health, there is no doubt, if we but take the trouble to read between the lines that he was, and he himself thought he was, in a very serious condition.

A man does not usually leave his affairs of State at the one time of all others when he is needed at the helm and remain in seclusion for weeks with the constant attendance of one physician and several more called at a special time, all in order that he may have two teeth extracted. We most certainly hope that President Cleveland has many more years of life and no doubt he has. It would, indeed, be a serious thing for the country at the present time if he were to drop out of the ranks and leave Adlai Stevenson in the chair.

THIS is Pennsylvania Day at the Fair. May everything be propitious and the good, old State do herself proud on this her special day.

The formal exercises will begin at the Pennsylvania Building at 11 o'clock with Executive Commissioner A. B Farquhar presiding. Following is the programme: Music, Iowa State Band, address, by Governor Pattison, music, Cymrodorian Society, of Scranton address, George V. Massey, council of administration, music, Iowa State Band, address, Louis A. Watres, Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania, music, Scranton Choral Union, of Pennsylvania, address, James M. Beck, of Philadelphia, music, cornet solo by Professor Northcott, address, Charles Emory Smith, music, Wilkesbarre Choral Union, address, General Daniel H Hastings, music, Iowa State Band with Hallelujah Chorus, address, John W. Woodside, National Commissioner of Pennsylvania, music, Iowa State Band.

At 3 o'clock Professor King will make a balloon ascension from in front of the Pennsylvania Building. From 4 to 6 o'clock Governor Pattison will hold a reception, and in the evening there will be a special display of fireworks.

IT IS no less true of politics than of charity, that it begins at home. There is no more inconsistent creature than the man who claims to be independent or non-partisan and such rubbish, in local matters, but votes the straight ticket in State or Federal elections. If there is a Republican ticket in the field vote it. Do not be persuaded upon as a matter of friendship and all that to do otherwise. You will always find that this only works one way, and that the wrong one, so do not do it. Republicans are continually voting for their Democratic friends, but the reverse never occurred. When a Democrat votes for his Republican friend, there will be a livelier tornado than the one of last week. When such a thing occurs, look out for due disaster. The Republicans have never to go begging for capable material for their ticket, and he never goes wrong who votes it. And what is needed now and always, is to vote it from the matter of a President down to the pettiest office in the gift of the community.

THE Philadelphia Ledger, while professedly Republican, never misses an opportunity to pat the other side on the back Referring to the final debate on the silver question, it has no good word for Reed's great speech, but praises all the anti-silver Democrats' utterances. It even hints that Reed was a little too partisan, but the peroration of the great speech should be scattered broadcast over the whole land, for truer words were never spoken. Of the Republican party he says

"What we were in our days of victory, we are in our days of defeat, champions of true and solid finance. And when the time comes, as it surely will come, for us to lead this land back to the paths of prosperity and fame, which were trodden under Republican rule for so many years, we shall take back with us our ancient glory undimmed by adversity, our ancient honor unsullied by defeat"

The latter sentence of this quotation is prophesy now, but before long, it will be a part of the country's glorious history.

IT IS right amusing to read the glowing head lines and rapturous articles in the Philadelphia Times on the general prosperity of the country, about the mills that have resumed work, the merchants were never so busy, etc, etc. That's all very well to read about. We can only speak for ourselves, and we think we are a fair sample of a good industrious manufacturing community, and as yet we have had no intimation of any of our mills starting up on full time, or have heard of any of our shop or storekeepers congratulating themselves on the increased trade. But what we have heard is that two of our largest factories, Thos. L. Leedom & Son, carpet manufacturers, and Edward T. Steele & Co., are thinking seriously of shutting down entirely, and awaiting further developement fron Washington.

WATTERSON occasionally gets excited and amuses the country. He is all impatience about abolishing the tariff. Mere modifications of it, excite his ire, when proposed, and it's *abolition* or nothing. It is a wonder that this word, abolition, now at his pen point so continually does not excite nausea. Think of it, he is an Abolitionist now, and more fiery in denunciation of tariff, than ever was Garrison, of slavery. And what will be the outcome of this contention? Let us hope that the Democrats will make their promise good and abolish the tariff. Let us hope that they will place the country in such a position as they desire. It will pay in the end. The absurdity of Democratic doctrine will become so apparent that a grand revolution will take place, and with Republicans in charge, the country enter upon a long era of peace and prosperity.

PAYING FOR THEIR VOTE NOW.

"When I returned from Europe recently," said E. M. Knox, "I found that my hat factory was about the only one in the country that was running on full time. After looking over the situation I immediately gave orders to shut down three days a week or to run on half time until stock was reduced. Of course, this meant a 50 per cent. cut in the wages of our men. Nearly all of my employees voted the Democratic ticket last fall. The reason they gave was that they did not like Whitelaw Reid They feel very sick over it now. I had a frank talk with some of the leaders the other day. I said to one 'You have been getting $25 a week Hereafter you will get $12 50. The change you voted for last fall has taken effect' Not one of them has left on account of the reduction, but I think they are sorry. So am I.

"I do not believe the repeal of the Silver law will bring about good times," Mr Knox added. "What has paralyzed business in my judgment is the uncertainty about future tariff legislation. If the Democrats would promise not to touch the tariff for two years every mill and factory in the country that is now closed would be open and running on full time inside of a month At this season every year I generally order about $200,000 worth of material from Germany This year I ordered less than $5,000 worth. I cannot afford to order in advance when the tariff on on the articles may be reduced 50 per cent. inside of a few months."—N. Y. Press.

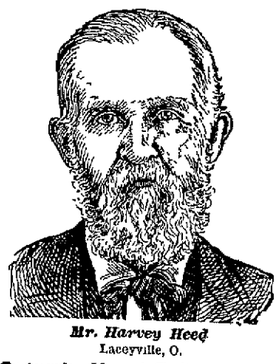
—The failure of 200 national banks since January 1, against the failure of fifty for the same period last year, is another reminder that the change which the country voted for last year has arrived on schedule time.

—The Northern Pacific Railway Company is in receivers' hands, consequent upon the suit brought by P. B. Wine, [illegible] of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, of the city of New York.

—The Grand Army Posts of the Department of Delaware, at a meeting held in Wilmington, denounced the attitude of Hoke Smith toward the veterans on the pension question.

—A new method of purifying water electrically has been found very effective. It is tried in Croton lake, which supplies New York city

—Several of the Aztec pyramids exceed 200 feet in height. They are generally composed of a mound of earth faced with stone.



Mr. Harvey Heed
Laceyville, O.

Catarrh, Heart Failure, Paralysis of the Throat

"I Thank God and Hood's Sarsaparilla for Perfect Health."

"Gentlemen For the benefit of suffering humanity I wish to state a few facts For several years I have suffered from catarrh and heart failure, getting so bad I could not work and

Could Scarcely Walk

I had a very bad spell of paralysis of the throat some time ago My throat seemed closed and **I could not swallow.** The doctors said it was caused by heart failure, and gave medicine, which I took according to directions, but it did not seem to do me any good My wife urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, telling me of Mr. Joseph C. Smith, who had been

At Death's Door

but was entirely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. After talking with Mr Smith, I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken two bottles I felt very much better. I have continued taking it, and am now feeling excellent. I thank God, and

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and my wife for my restoration to **perfect health.**" HARVEY HEED, Laceyville, O

HOOD'S PILLS do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently 25c

A New Industry.

The undersigned are prepared to undertake all kinds of Electro Plating in Nickel, Silver and Gold. Also, Electric Bell Work of every description.

ARDREY BROS.,
Pond Street.

—Daintness in trifles is very attractive. A gift that is wrapped in good paper and tied with a pretty ribbon, for instance, looks twice as tempting as the same present carelessly given. Every one knows how a table may be made refined or otherwise by the mere setting of the china, glass and cutlery, and how the touch of the mistress's hand will convert the clumsy disposition of an inexperienced servant into an arrangement of beauty and order. The same room with the same furniture may look as widely as the Desert of Sahara and the Garden of Eden, according to the taste shown by its occupant. This power of little things cannot be over-estimated, and it is not only in things inanimate, but in words and deeds that this most desirable quality of taste may be manifested. A kind action may be made graceful, a generous gift may be bestowed tactfully, by force of what might be deemed a trifle, but which sometimes is of the greatest importance. On the other hand, a careless, neglectful manner will almost rob a kindness of the pleasure it was intended to bestow and render it absolutely distasteful to the recipient.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke your Life Away

is the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac the wonderful, harmless Guaranteed tobacco habit cure The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't, runs no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac" Sold by all druggists

Book at Drug Stores or by mail free Address The Sterling Remedy Co, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

VISITORS TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

Will find the Lancaster Hotel 61st St & Lexington Ave, (directly South of the Ferris Wheel and only two blocks from Fair entrance) cool, comfortable, and quiet, only two stories high, all outside rooms, European Plan, $1.00 per day Reduced rates for families and parties If you arrive at any of the down town depots take the Elevated Railroad to Lexington Ave station, walk North 1½ blocks Parties arriving by the Lake Shore, Rock-Island, Wabash, Erie, C & E I, or Ft Wayne roads leave train at Englewood, take the 61st St Electric car east to Lexington avenue and 61st St., less than half a block from the Hotel.

A DELIGHTFUL WAY TO BE ENTERTAINED.

Realizing the fact that light literature is an almost necessary traveling companion, to those contemplating a 'Summer Outing,' or those who are desirous of visiting some of the many Resorts and Fishing Grounds located along the line of the Wisconsin Central Lines, we take pleasure in advising our friends, that we will send any one, or all of the following valuable and interesting books to any address by mail "FREE" on receipt of 12 cents each, in stamps, to cover postage and packing

These books are printed on good paper, well bound, the covers being illuminated in color The entire list of ten books, will be sent, prepaid for $1 20 in stamps or otherwise The amount asked is to cover charges and cost of packing

2—John Halifax Gentlemen By Miss Mulock
5—The Last Days of Pompeii. By Bulwer Lytton
6—Scarlet Letter By Nathaniel Hawthorne.
10—Tom Brown's School Days By Thomas Hughes
15—Dora Thorne By Bertha M Clay
16—Very Hard Cash By Charles Reade
21—Tour of the World in 80 days By Jules Verne [illegible] By Emile Zola
25—Beyond Pardon By Bertha M. Clay
27—A Mad Love By Bertha M. Clay

Preserve this card, mention the paper out from, mark the books you wish, enclosing 12 cents for each book, or $1 20 for the entire list, and send with your address to

JAS C POND,
Gen'l Pass and Tkt. Agent,
Wis Cent Lines, CHICAGO, ILL
Mark your envelope "Advertising Department."

Piles or Hemorrhoid

Permanently cured without knife or ligature No danger or suffering No delay from business while under treatment Patients who are responsible need not pay until well A perfect cure guaranteed Send for circular R REED, M D, 129 South Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa

Coughing Leads to Consumption

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once

Will We Have Cholera?

If such is to be the deplorable state of affairs, it would not be wise to overlook any precautionary measure The cheapest and best way to improve the sanitary condition of your home is to scrape off the old paper and have new put on The Fidelity Wall Paper Co. of 12 North Eleventh Street, Philadelphia, are selling gold embossed papers for 12 and 15 cents Send four two cent stamps for samples

Dr J. D Thomas, 912 Walnut Street, Philadelphia,

Makes a specialty of using nitrous oxide gas for the painless extraction of teeth He has now reached the large number of 190,000 people to whom he has administered it

WORLD'S FAIR PHILANTHROPISTS

Messrs. Boddie Bros., wealthy Chicago gentlemen, having the interest of their city at heart, and desiring to disprove the falsity of the statement that only in boarding houses can be found moderate priced accommodations during the World's Fair, remodeled and furnished at great expense one of their famous absolutley fire-proof business structures, located corner of Franklin and Jackson streets, within short walking distance of the Union Depots, Theatres, Post Office, Board of Trade, Steam, Elevated, Cable Roads and Steamboats to the World a Fair, furnished newly thoughout 500 rooms, superb parlors, elevators, electric lights, exhaust fans to keep cool entire building, named this property The Great Western Hotel, and invite the public to take their choice of rooms for $1 00 per day, children 5 to 12 fifty cents. Elegant restaurant and dining rooms where fine meals are served at 50 cents, or a la carte at very moderate prices

There would be less heard or known of extortion and imposition connected with the World's Fair were there more public spirited, fair minded men in Chicago as are the owners and proprietors of The Great Western Hotel. Our readers should write us early as possible to secure rooms, for they are being taken up rapidly —St Paul Daily News

ONE LIMITED first-class Fare with $2.00 additional for the

Round Trip Harvest Excursions August 22d, September 12th and October 10th, 1893.

The WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES will run low rate Harvest Excursions on above dates, to points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota. Tickets will be good twenty (20) days from date of sale, with stop-over privileges to points west of St Paul and Minneapolis

For full information address any of the Company's representatives, or

JAS. C. POND,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, September 4, 1893.

Five of the exceptionally interesting Dress Goods lots fresh from the factories.

1—All-wool, plain and mixed Ladies' Cloth, 40 inches wide, at 37½c.

This is a royally good make The wool, weave, colors and finish as near to exactly right as machinery and Yankee wit can get them—so nearly perfect that the stuff can hob nob with goods at three times the price

Always 50c before this sale.

2—All-wool Twilled Chevoit, 36 inches wide, at 37½c.

A stuff for the hard knocks and rough and tumble service, either in wet or out of it Every yard sold means so much loss to the maker and so much gain to you.

Always 50c. before this sale.

3—All-wool Twilled Cheviot in two shades of navy and black, 54 inches wide, at 50c.

How these goods came to us so they could be sold fifty per cent under the regular price would sound like a fairy tale. What odds? The interesting fact that the dress pattern you pay $3 for to-day would have cost $6 last week

Always $1 before this sale,

4—All-wool Ladies' Cloth, 56 inches wide, at 75c.

One of the good old stand-bys, Tumble it round, crush it, travel in it, or put it to any sort of dress use and you will find it just right Finest wool, carefully woven 6 yards ($4 50) for a dress

Intended to be $1.

5—All-wool Two-Toned Hop Sacking, 54 inches wide, at 75c.

Brand new combinations—very similar to the nobby Scotch Tweed It will become one of the Fall fancies. Same quality as the Ladies' Cloth and price to correspond

Meant to be $1.

"The Prince of India," Gen. Lew Wallace's new book so long looked for is ready. 2 vols., 12mo, $1 85.

A Bicycle for her at $75, one for him at $70—total $145. In almost any city of the United States you'd pay $150 for either, $300 for the two. And they'd be worth it as Bicycles go.

Lillywhite's best Match Foot Balls, $3.50 instead of $5 They'd kick themselves if they knew the price.

Hebrew New Year Cards and Novelties are ready.

Flat Cards, 3 to 18c.
Novelty Cards, 12 to 50c
Hand painted Celluloid Novelties, 45c to $2 00

JOHN WANAMAKER.



THE Silver Dollar is as acceptable to us as any—each one represents a purchasing power of 200 cents when the quality of our goods is considered.

Try your dollars on our new line of Fall Suits and Light-weight Overcoats. You never saw better goods for the money in your life. Best of material, perfectly made, guaranteed to fit, and a very low range of prices. What more do you ask?

A. C. YATES & CO.

13TH AND CHESTNUT STS.

PHILADELPHIA.

Agents Wanted

—AT ONCE—

TO take orders Salary or Commission, steady work, prompt pay Mount Hope Nurseries, Established 1840. Most complete in the World. Write ELLWANGER & BARRY, Rochester, N. Y.

B. C. FOSTER,

Watchmaker & Jeweler,

Cor. Mill and Wood Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA.

Has constantly on hand all the new designs in

Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silverware,

Spectacles & Eyeglasses,

Black Enamel, Walnut and Oak Clocks.

☞ Particular attention given to Repairing Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home and warranted to give satisfaction.

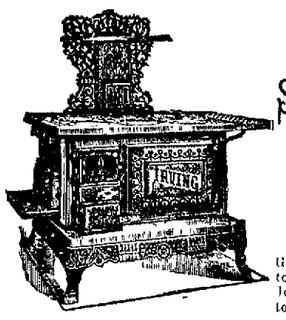
Miscellaneous

The Cardemon CARPETS,

AT LIPPINCOTT'S

We have on hand a line of CARDEMON CARPETS, suitable for bed-rooms, sitting, dining and kitchens, hall and stairways, which will be offered you at very reasonable prices. On account of their durability they will be very much cheaper than either Ingrain or Rag Carpets. Nothing has been left undone by the manufacturer to make these grand wearing Carpets, both for quality and colors. Please come see them at

LIPPINCOTT'S, 245 Mill St., Bristol.



Lewis J. Bevan,

DEALER IN

Stoves, Furnaces, Ranges

—AND—

House Furnishing Goods.

Now is the proper time to invest in a first-class Gasoline Stove Tin Roofing a Specialty Custom work done in tin, sheet-iron, copper and zinc Jobbing and repairing in all its branches attended to promptly Stove repairs of all kinds

NO. 10 MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

Large and Varied Stock!

YOUR ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL LINE OF

-SLIPPERS-

Of which we have a larger and more varied assortment than has ever been shown before, and when the quality of goods is considered the prices will astonish you. Gentlemen's Fine Ooze Calf, Fine Alligator in black, wine and tan, Fine Velvet Embroidered. Ladies' Slippers in velvet, corduroy and felt. Slippers for Boys and Youths in velvet, embroidered, and other varieties.

Also, Gentlemen's Patent Leather Shoes and Dancing Pumps, all varieties.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

No. 3 Bath Street, Bristol.

T. A. FARLEY.

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH

THE POSITIVE CURE.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAYFEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50¢

—REMOVAL.—

J. CURTIS HOWELL & SON,

Has Removed to the Store

Cor. of Wood & Penn Sts.,

(Formerly occupied by Wm Raylman)

WHERE WILL BE FOUND

Fine Groceries,

PROVISIONS,

Teas, Coffees, Spices.

Fruits & Vegetables in Season

GIVE US A CALL

Robert Clark,

Upholsterer and Cabinet Maker,

No. 28 Radcliffe St.

Furniture Repaired, Upholstered, Carpets sewed and laid, Carpets taken up and cleaned, Mattresses renovated, Window Shades made to order, Chairs re-caned, packing of Furniture, and Repairing promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

—OPENING!—

THE UNDERSIGNED DESIRES TO INform the residents of Bristol and vicinity that he has opened with a full line of

Ladies', Gents' and Children's

SHOES.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED

PHILIP WINTER,

33 MILL ST., BRISTOL, PA.

BRISTOL HARDWARE CO.,

323 Mill Street

A Full Line of

Hardware & Builders' Supplies,

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES AND JOBBING.

Goods at Philadelphia Prices.

FOR SALE.

THE LARGE LOT AND STABLES AND Sheds, near Wood and Lafayette Streets. Inquire of JOSEPH S. PEIRCE.



GREAT DROP IN

-:BICYCLES:-

In order to compete with the cut made in New York and Philadelphia on Bicycles, I have made the following reductions

Reading Flyers for	$90,	reduced from	$115
Majestic	" 85,	"	115
Lovell Diamond	" 90,	"	115
Warwick	" 80,	"	150
Cadenda Diamond,	70,	"	90

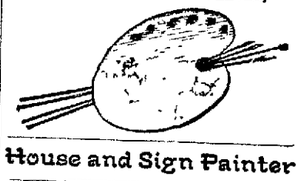
I can sell you a brand new, *full size*, pneumatic tired Bicycle for $50.

All the above are 1893 models; are new and guaranteed for one year Call and see me before buying, I can save you money I have some great Bargains in second-hand wheels.

G. Schiesser, Jr.

Cycle Agent,
207 Washington Street.

S. T. VALENTINE,



House and Sign Painter

GRAINER and GLAZIER,
No. 326 Radcliffe Street,
BRISTOL PA

☞ Estimates for Painting furnished upon application.

Numbers for houses at moderate prices.

Sherman & Peirce,

LUMBER

—AND—

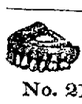
MILL WORK

—AT—

REASONABLE PRICES.

Canal and Dorrance Sts.,

BRISTOL, PA.



DR. J. T. STRADLING,
DENTIST,
No. 21 Market Street,
Bristol, Penna.

House for Rent

A three-story brick house, nine rooms, all modern improvements, on Cedar street, near Market Apply to

JAMES WRIGHT.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1893.

Upper Delaware River Transportation Company.

IN EFFECT APRIL 8, 1893.

Steamers Columbia, John A. Warner and Twilight,

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia, at 7.00, 7.30 and 10.00 A. M., 2.15, 4 and 5 P. M.

Leave Philadelphia for Bristol, at 7 30 and 11.45 A. M., 2, 3, 4.15 and 6 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Bristol for Phila., at 8.15 and 10.30 A. M. 4 and 5 P. M.

Leave Philadelphia for Bristol at 8.30 A. M. and 2, and 6 P. M.

The Morrelton Inn Orchestra will give daily concerts on the Steamer Columbia, leaving Philadelphia at 2 P. M., returning leave Bristol 4 P. M.

Steamer Twilight will leave Chestnut Street Wharf Saturdays only at 12 15 P. M.

Inter-State Steamboat Co.

Steam. Florence

Leaves Bristol at 8 30 A. M. for Phila. Returning leaves Philadelphia, (Arch Street wharf,) at 3 00 P. M.

SUNDAYS, Leaves Bristol 8 10 A. M. and 3.10 P. M. Leaves Philadelphia 10 15 A. M. and 5.15 P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.51, 7.19, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, 9.23, 9.52, *10.26, A. M. 12 05, 12.56, 1.17, *2.40, *3.03, 4.02, *4.58, 5.43, 6.29, *7.00, *7.32, 8.50, 9.27, P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *9.23, 10.26 A. M. *12 04, 12.25, 5.05, 5.43, *7.21, 7.30, 8.03, 8.50, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12.01, 3.20, 6.07, *6.50, 7.34, 8.25, 8,30, 9.55, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 1·50, 2.43, 3 32, *4.14, 4.20, *5.00, 5.25, *6 00, 6.05, 6.21, 7.20, 9.17, *10.00, 11.15 P. M. Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8 25, *8.30, 9.05, 11.45, A. M. 2.00, *5.20, 5.53, 7.25, *8.12, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK--Arrives at 7.00, 10 40 A. M., 2 29, 1 40 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8 15, 10.40 A. M., 3 30, 7 00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA--Arrives at 7.00, 7.15, 10 00 A. M., 1.00, 4.10, 7.20 P. M. Closes at 5.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.40, 3.30, 6 00 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE--Arrives at 8 00 A. M. and leaves at 8.30 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c--Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.45 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A. M , leaves 1.00 P. M.

WESTERN--Arrives at 7 15, 10 00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8 00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—A number of willow trees along the upper side of Grundy's mill have been cut down.

—We are glad to see that our streets and crossings are being put in good condition.

—Harry Grimes, of Bath street, had his leg broken while playing ball one day last week.

—The boy choir of St. Mary's Church, Burlington, N. J., visited the St. James choir on last Sunday evening.

—A party of Bristolians chartered the "Nelly Bly" one day last week, and went up the river to Cochran Park

— Labor Day was very quietly observed in Bristol. The trouble is the laboring man is having too much holiday at present.

—Never be sure of anything in this world. Some people had no doubt but that John McBride would get his liquor license for the Second ward. But you see he didn't.

—Mothers' meeting of the W. C. T. U. next Wednesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, in the Methodist Church. All will be made welcome. Mothers, especially, come and join us.

—R. A. Thompson lost a valuable horse while at Parkland one day last week. The horse took fright when being unhitched and ran away breaking its leg The horse had to be killed.

—The oldest ferry boat on the Delaware, the Ellwood Doran, which has been plying between Bristol and Burlington for over seventy-five years, has been sold to Captain James Herron, of Bordentown, N. J.

—Rev. W. H. Clipman, the popular young preacher at the Baptist church, has received a call to the pastorate of a church in Germantown, Pa. Although Mr. Clipman has not formally accepted the call, yet it is known he is thinking seriously of leaving Bristol.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, September 6th, 1893: Miss Christie Armour, Miss Marie Clayton, Miss Emma Hurt, Mrs. Mary E. Ruffnan, F. Stafar, Frances Thompson, Samuel Yerkes, Samuel Miller, an unaddressed postal card signed Ada.

— Even our great Pennsylvania Railroad feels the general depression and has to reduce expenses. A number of trains, some of which have been running for a dozen years and more, have been taken entirely off the road. Among these are eight trains, four east and four west bound, which stopped at at Bristol.

—John Burton, of Tullytown, was summoned to Chicago by telegraph on Sunday by the illness of his brother, Ellwood, who, with his wife, has been visiting the Fair. Later accounts say that Mr. Burton was stricken with paralysis while sitting at the table eating his supper. The entire right side is paralyzed. A telegram yesterday says that his symptoms are favorable.

SCHOOLTIME.

The public schools of Bristol were opened for business last Monday. Within their peaceful walls times are not dull. Adversity and depression do not invade those busy precincts. The seventeen teachers were all promptly at their respective posts of duty, thus giving evidence that they possess those sterling qualities that belong to good and faithful servants. The superintendent busied herself with such necessary cares and affairs as required her wise attention. The cheery inflow of pupils, merry, ready, bright and alert gave the various schools their high claim to existence, and they began their important work with good will and earnest purpose. If there was any exception to this broad statement, we have no inclination to record it. Some were glad to return to school; others would have been delighted to prolong their pleasant vacation, and to see the days of merry joy and happy pastime flow on without ceasing. But all play and no study would make Jack an ignorant boy, and his manhood would be without lustre. The girls, of course, are ever fond of school, and often set the boys shining examples of diligence, perseverance, and application in the school-room. Are they not the better and more appreciative pupils? We will not cast a humiliating reflection upon the tender boys by answering this question in the affirmative. Let it remain unanswered.

During the holidays the various school-rooms and their appliances were put in neat and attractive order, thereby winning the enthusiastic admiration of the teachers, who are not so elevated as to resist a sense of pride. They delight in pleasant surroundings. If any of our neighbors in the outlying school districts wish to know how things ought to be done in and about school houses, let them come to Bristol for instruction and example. They will not fail to be both pleased and profited.

All things for the use of the schools are now supplied by the Directors, (out of the school fund, we must state) the last item to be added to the varied list being the essential slate, an article which has hitherto been supplied by the parents. Now the parents have no expense whatever, and the public schools of Bristol are as free as light and air. There can be no happier appreciation of this gratifying state of things than good attendance on the part of the pupils, seconded and encouraged by the parents. It is one wise method they may heed for promoting the welfare of their children, and advancing the true interests of the community. Send your children to school. Keep them going as long as possible. In that way you can add to your credit as citizens, and assure worth and honor to the citizens of the future.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, of Philadelphia, who had many friends in Bristol and who was a sister of Mrs. Edward Leedom, of this place, died very suddenly on last Monday morning, at Willow Grove. Mrs. Thomas has been in poor health for some time past, but no immediate danger was apprehended. It seems that in going into the bath room on Sunday morning she fell, striking her face against the bath tub, breaking her jaw bone and knocking her teeth down her throat. The poor woman, suffering untold agony, lingered until the following morning.

—The new steamer Pocnoket which is to run between Philadelphia and Trenton, it is said will be ready for her trial trip about the middle of this month. She will be equipped throughout with an electric light plant, including a search light of 6,000 candle power. This light can be thrown ahead of the steamer for a mile or more, making small objects distinctly visible, or can be directed towards either shore, lighting up the banks for a considerable distance.

—Announcement is made of the marriage of Alice Lee, daughter of Rev. Henry F. Lee, to Dr. James R. Rogers, on August 21st, at 514 Spruce street, Philadelphia. The bride is well known by many residents of Bristol, having been a pupil at Miss Merriam's school, and her father was Pastor of the Presbyterian church, of Bristol, for a number of years. The happy couple will reside in Washington, D. C.

—George L. Mahan, of Newtown township, one of the Board of County Commissioners, is being urged by his friends to accept a re-nomination at the Republican County Convention, to be held at Doylestown, on Tuesday, Sept. 12th. Mr. Mahan has made a good, conscientious officer, and it is hoped he will stand for a re-nomiation.

—The annual convention of the Bucks County Women's Christian Temperance Union will be held in the Reformed Church, Churchville, on Saturday, the 30th of September.

—If the Fortnight Tariff bill becomes a law before next Labor day, the parade will be a funeral procession.

—There is no one who is so heartily in favor of putting gold into circulation as Dr. Keeley.—Indianapolis News.

PERSONAL MENTION.

John T. Thorne has returned from Ocean Grove.

S. S. Rue left on Monday for the World's Fair.

The editor of the GAZETTE arrived from Chicago this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Booz left on Wednesday for Chicago.

G. Morris Dorrance is taking his second trip to the World's Fair.

Stanford Runyon and James LaRue are in Chicago, taking in the Fair.

Mrs. George Ross, of Doylestown, is the guest of Mrs. B. F. Gilkeson.

William H. Grundy has been in Boston for several days of this week.

Miss Bessie Paxson, of Langhorne, was visiting Bristol friends last week.

Miss Fannie Landreth is visiting Miss Louise Swain at Spring Lake, N. J.

Miss Mary Sanderson, of Gilbertville, Mass., has been visiting friends in Bristol.

Messrs. S. W. Groff and F. G. Edwards are on a fishing trip on the Chespeake.

Miss Alice Taylor, who has been at Belmar, N. J., for several weeks, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hezekiah King, of Yonkers, N. Y., are the guests of Miss Annie Landreth.

'Squire Booz, of Bristol, and 'Squire Thomas Ivins, of Tullytown, have gone to the World's Fair.

Misses Carrie and Alice Johnson and John Johnson have been taking in the World's Fair.

Jack Dorrance returned to Boston on Sunday where he is attending the school of Technology.

Oliver Landreth and son, Lucius Landreth, have returned from the Adirondacks to Lintonhurst.

Mrs. Rebecca Grundy, of Walnut Grove, has returned home from a summer spent at Beach Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrickson, of Lawrenceville, N. J., were in Bristol last week visiting Dr. E. P. Shields.

Mrs. Edward S. Phillips, of New York, who is spending the summer at Mr. Walter Laing's, receives a few of her friends to-day from 4 to 6 o'clock.

—Early last Sunday morning there was a grand choral service, and yet almost unattended. The song birds that have made joyous the Canadian woods and forests of New England since the beginning of summer, were on their way to Southern and more congenial climes. Year after year the mighty procession of migrating birds moves from Maine to Florida and returns with all the regularity of the round of the seasons and yet it seldom causes among us so much as the raising of an eyebrow or upturning of an ear. Nevertheless there is little else in nature more fraught with meaning than this same sweet singing of the warblers that thread the tree-tops. How different when the geese fly Southward! Then we are all agog to mark their passage, that the mere sight of them may conjure up visions of feasting and its concomitant pleasure. But why not step aside occasionally and be a little less of the earth, earthy? Why not give the ear a feast of music? The joyous outburst of song while the South-bound warblers tarried in St James' Church yard, last Sunday morning, was matter for worthy thought, and a delight to the few who heard it, not soon to be forgotten.

—The Republican County Standing Committee met yesterday at Doylestown to consider the propriety of nominating a judge. Fifty-one districts were represented, and the decision was 27 against nominating; 24 in favor of so doing. There was some dissatisfaction expressed, but we believe the decision reached was a most wise one. Here is decidedly a case of letting well enough alone. The county could not better itself, and no cool headed man but knows the value of an upright judge. There is territory not far away, but happily across the river, that is not equally blessed, and we should learn a lesson from what transpires at times in New York and New Jersey.

TO KEEP A BOUTONNIERE FRESH.

Carnations, daisies and occasionally half-blown rosebuds that have been worn as boutonnieres in the evening may by careful management be kept fresh enough to wear again next day. A man in town who has a pardonable penchant for frequently wearing a buttonhole bouquet, yet does not wish to spend from $1.50 to $5 a day on this luxurious fancy, puts away his boutonnieres at night as carefully as a woman does her jewels. He makes a hole through a pasteboard card, clips the end of the flower and puts it through the hole in the pasteboard. He then puts the card over a glass full of fresh water. The delicate petals of the flower are thus prevented from touching the water and the stem is in its full length. As everybody knows, water on the petals of cut flowers destroys their freshness. A bunch of carnations may be kept together and their stems put through a sizable hole in the pasteboard card. Daisies should be separated and the stems put through individual holes.—N. Y. Herald.

"AFTER THE BALL."

It a matter of more than passing interest that a Milwaukee boy has broken the record, in these record breaking days, as a song-writer, publisher and seller. Everybody nowadays is singing that irresistible ballad, "After the Ball." It is possibly the most successful song of the century, over 800,000 copies having been sold. The words and music were composed by Charles K. Harris in a few hours. To-day he is one of the richest men of Milwaukee and is enjoying an income of over $1000 a day from the sale of "After the Ball."

Last March the Milwaukee bicyclers were preparing to give an amateur entertainment. Sam Doctor, a local singer, called on Harris one morning about a week before the show and asked him to write a song. Harris had attended a ball in Chicago the night before and was lying on a sofa in his office when Doctor called. "I am too tired, Sam," said Harris, "to try to do anything just now. I am suffering from the fatigue of after the ball." Doctor urged his claims, and finally Harris consented to compose something for his friend. I will tell the rest of the story in his own language:

"The words of my reply, 'After the ball' kept ringing in my ears, and I quickly recognized that I had a catchy title for a song. I thought out the verses, and little by little the tune came to me, and I fitted the words to it. Finally the whole thing developed, and it came to me like an inspiration. I hurried to a music house and ascertained that no music had been published bearing the same or a similar title to 'After the Ball.' Then I sent for Joseph Clander, the orchestra leader, and picked out the piece on the piano for him—I can't read or write music, but I can play anything by ear—and I asked him if he could write it down for me. Clander can grasp and write music as quickly as a stenographer can take a dictation, and in an hour or so I had the words and music of 'After the Ball' on paper.

"Well, I gave the manuscript to Doctor and after rehearsing it he sang it for the first time at the amateur minstrel show. I sat way back in the house, very nervous over the outcome. Doctor sang two verses finely and got tremendous applause. This staggered him and he forgot the third. I left the house chagrined and mortified. I threw the manuscripts in a drawer with a lot of rubbish, fully determined never to publish or look at it again. But the people who heard it remembered the tune and it grew on them. I heard boys whistling it a few days. —N. Y. Advertiser.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT AND DRINK?

It is really growing to be a very serious problem what we shall eat and drink. We are never quite sure, when we become conscious of the queer taste which Croton water has, whether we are absorbing dangerous nitrites or other causes of sporadic cholera. We are told now and then that lemon juice will kill cholera germs, and just as we begin to form the lemon habit we find out that lemons come very largely from Sicily, and that there is cholera at Palermo. Naturally we prefer under the circumstances not to run the risk of acquiring the cholera germs from the outside of the lemons in order to kill them with the juice from the inside.

Then we hear golden opinions from all sorts of people about the value of figs as a tonic, alterative and internal regulator, but, just as we are on the point of forming the fig habit, the Marine Hospital service breeds in our bosoms a cold and calculating suspicion of figs by having the American Consul at Smyrna directed not to let any more figs be shipped to this country from there for the present, seeing that figs are handled and packed by the Smyrna masses, who regard the familiar cholera as a plague sent by Allah, to be warded off by repeating texts from the Koran as a charm.

Then there is the cheerful information that there is yellow fever in Havana, and to see a fellow orange will recall this fact. On the same day the cable brings over from Russia an account of poisoning by koumiss, and from Germany a similar case of fatal intestinal distraction from eating alleged mushrooms. Up to date the foul tongue of slander has not monkeyed with the reputation of Little Neck clams or Blue Point oysters, but the tendency is to prove that nothing is absolutely safe but Graham crackers, oatmeal, eggs that you have seen the hen lay, and distilled water.—New York Press.

—The pitiful stories that come from the South of the loss of life and property and of destitution among the survivors on account of the great cyclone of last week ought to move the most indifferent to think and to help. The calamity becomes more appalling as the particulars are reached. The death list will certainly reach 1500 and it may rise to 2000. And when in addition the destruction of all the little property of the survivors is taken into account the distress of the situation will become apparent. Four years ago the great flood at Johnstown in this State appalled the civilized world and prompted the most lavish charity of modern times. And yet the death caused by the cyclone will be at least half, and may be two-thirds, as large as the Johnstown list. This one fact ought to show how pressing the need for help is.—Philadelphia Press.

—When in need of any kind of job work, calling cards, letter heads, envelopes, bill heads, statements, dodgers, posters, auction bills, notes, receipts, bank check books, pamphlets, circulars, or specialty work of any kind in the printing line, bring your orders to the GAZETTE and be pleased, both as to quality of goods and work, and also price and promptness. Orders by mail receive careful attention.

TWO DELIGHTFUL SEPTEMBER TRIPS VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

On Thursday, September 14th, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run two very attractive trips under personal escort, one up the Hudson River to West Point and Newburgh, both of Revolutionary fame and modernly interesting, and the other to Mauch Chunk and the famous Switchback, widely known as and appropriately called the Switzerland of America.

Those participating in the Hudson River excursion will embark on board the iron steamboat "Cygnus" at Jersey City and steam up one of the most pictureque rivers in the world.

The excursion to the Switchback will run via Phillipsburg and the Central Railroad, and proceed to Mauch Chunk, where the scenery is perhaps not to be excelled in this part of the country. A ride over the renowned Switchback Railroad, which is included in the tickets, affords a most exhilarating and wonderful experience.

Passagers from Philadelphia and points on New York Division for West Point and Newburgh will be carried on train leaving Broad Street Station at 6.50 A. M.; for the Switchback by special train leaving Market Street Wharf at 7.00 A. M. and running via Amboy Division points. The fare for either excursion will be $2.50 for the round trip, with half rate for children, which is remarkably low.

"RHEUMATICS" SHOULD EAT CELERY.

If celery were eaten freely, sufferers from rheumatism would be comparatively few. It is a mistaken idea that cold and damp produce the disease—they simply develop it. Acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause. If celery is eaten largely, an alkaline blood is the result; and where this exists, there can be neither rheumatism nor gout. It should be eaten cooked. —Boston Globe.

—If President Cleveland doesn't keep track of all the rumors about him, how in the world does he know what is the state of his health?—Chicago Record.

Our Public Schools

Are the main-stay of our republic. In them are being cultivated the minds which are to be our future lawmakers and leaders in every walk in life. How essential it is that these minds should be united to strong, healthy bodies. So many children suffer from impurities and poisons in the blood that it is a wonder that they ever grow up to be men and women. Many parents cannot find words strong enough to express their gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for its good effect upon their children. Scrofula, salt rheum and other diseases of the blood are effectually and permanently cured by this excellent medicine, and the whole being is given strength to resist attacks of disease.

Miscellaneous

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN A. FISHER, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co., Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and those having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present them in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

LOUISA S. FISHER,
Or A. WEIR GILKESON, Administratrix ct. a.
Her Attorney.

WANTED.

FIVE SHARES OF BUILDING LOAN Stock, two or three years old.

Apply at
GAZETTE OFFICE.

DO YOUR EYES TROUBLE YOU?



Copyrighted, 1891, by G. E. Jacobs.

G. E. JACOBS & CO. Specialists,

J. Frank Brinkerhoff,

Specialist in Lenses for the Eyes,

OF PHILADELPHIA,

Will be in BRISTOL, at

A. E. BAYLIES' Jewelry Store, 307 Mill Street,

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th,

From 9 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Where examinations for all forms of defective sight will be thoroughly and scientifically made.

If your defective sight can be improved by glasses, the proper ones will be selected for you; if, on the other hand, the defect depends upon disease or abnormal condition of the eye that glasses will not help, you will be frankly so informed, and so saved a useless expense.

He guarantees every pair of glasses ordered to be satisfactory, and expects to win your confidence by the skillful and accurate manner in which he gives you improved and comfortable vision.

WE ARE PAYING FROM $5 TO $10 per day to our agents. Pleasant work and big pay to persons capable of representing us. We want some thoroughly good men in this section. For further particulars address the

ÆTNA MUTUAL LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY,
100 S. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Best School

No other does as much for its students. No other so handsome in its appointments as

PALMS BUSINESS COLLEGE

In the new Girard Building, 1710 Chestnut St., Phila. You pay us Fifty Dollars. We educate and assist you in securing A GOOD SITUATION. Circulars free if you name this paper. Theo. W. Palms, Pres.

29th Year

SCHOOL OF PEIRCE BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND

Still under the original management.

Thomas May Peirce, M.A., Ph.D.
Principal and Founder.
Record Building,
917-919 Chestnut St.,
Philadelphia.

An all-around equipment for business life.

One thousand three hundred and sixty-five (1365) students last year.

Over seven hundred (700) successfully assisted to positions

Day and Evening Sessions

University Extension Lectures on subjects related to the business branches delivered throughout the academic year without extra charge.

Entrance examinations held daily during the year.

Enrolment blanks on application.

Fall and Winter term begins Monday, September 4, 1893.

All or send for Annual and Graduating Exercises, containing the charming address of Hon. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, LL.D.

Miscellaneous

A. N. IREDELL

WILL RE-OPEN HER

SCHOOL AND KINDERGARTEN

At her Residence, Radcliffe St., Bristol, Pa., SEPTEMBER 26TH, 1893.

MISS ANNA W. CABEEN AND SISTERS Will Re-open their SCHOOL,

At their Residence, corner of RADCLIFFE AND FRANKLIN STS., BRISTOL, PA., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26th, 1893.

The Fit of a Shoe.

There's more in it than you think of at first. A little nagging pain and pretty soon your nerves are on edge—then you're cross. Shoes that fit wear better than those that don't fit. They feel better, look better and cost no more For example—here's a perfect-fitting, slightly and stylish Russian Calf Oxford for $2.25, with the value all in the leather. It costs no more to make a shoe right than wrong. A little care needed—that's all.

At the New Shoe Store on Dorrance Street, recently opened by GEORGE W. BOOTH, the right kind of Shoes, warranted to fit, can be found at reasonable prices. Shoes are also made to order and repairing promptly done.

GEORGE W. BOOTH,

321 DORRANCE ST.,

Bristol, Pa.

SHOE STORE FOR SALE!

The Stock and Fixtures of the well-known Shoe Store on Bath Street, adjoining the Closson House, is offered for sale on favorable terms.

The Stock comprises a well selected stock of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's wear.

The Store is in a fine location, has an excellent trade, and is the leading Shoe Store in town.

The Room can be rented upon reasonable terms.

For particulars, etc., apply to or address

T. A. FARLEY.

Notice—Assigned Estate of Edgar C. Howell.

Notice is hereby given that Edgar C. Howell has made a general assignment of his property, in trust for the benefit of his creditors, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said Edgar C. Howell are requested to make payment, and those having claims against him to present the same without delay to

FRANK F. BELL, Assignee,
Or his attorneys Bristol, Pa.
HENRY C. TODD,
1414 So. Penn Square, Philadelphia.
A. WEIR GILKESON, Bristol, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of DANIEL Y. WINDER, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

E. J. GROOM,
Executor.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of PHŒBE ANN KIRKBRIDE, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to

CHARLES B. HESTON,
Or their Attorney, Executor.
JOHN C. STUCKERT.

A 3-STORY BRICK DWELLING, BEAUTIfully situated on Radcliffe Street, has 11 rooms, large parlor, and all modern conveniences. Must be sold to close an estate.

Apply to
CHAS. B. HESTON, Executor,
Or his attorney, Frankford, Phila.
JOHN C. STUCKERT, Bristol, Pa.

FOR SALE.

Desirable Brick House on Radcliffe street, with Building Lot on Cedar street. Price, $5,500.

A 2½ story Frame House in Emilie. Large grounds, fruit, stabling nd wagon house. Price, $6,000.

A 2 story Frame House on Bath street—8 rooms, hot and cold water, Heater, etc. Cheap at $2,150.

A 2½ story Frame House on Washington street—8 rooms, modern conveniences. Built, not "throwed together." Price, $2,250.

A 2 story Frame on Pond street. $300 below cost. Price, $1,100.

A 2½ story Frame on Washington street. Price, $1,550. Rents for $12 00.

3 Frame Houses on Wood street. Price, $1,400 each.

A 10 Room House on Jefferson avenue—heater and all modern conveniences for $2,500. Rent, $18.

A 90 Acre Farm in Bucks County—good land and plenty of buildings. Price, $50 per acre.

A 35 Acre Farm in Byberry at $200 per acre. Building Ground by the foot or lot.

G. W. ADAMS,
117 Mulberry Street, BRISTOL.

Upholstering and Repairing

OF FURNITURE of all kinds.

CARPETS beaten, sewed and laid. Window Shades, Awnings, Slip Covers. Mattresses made over—hair thoroughly picked, feathers renovated by steam.

Chairs Re-Caned.

Orders from the surrounding country will receive my personal attention.

Chas. H. Ancker,

Mill Street, next to Post-office

BRISTOL, PA.

MINSTER & BAKER,

(Successors to Stroble & Son.)

DEALERS IN

UPPER LEHIGH, LATIMER and HAZLETON

COAL,

WOOD, FLOUR, FEED, ETC.

Office: Bath & Otter Sts.

☞Orders received at E.W. Minster's Livery Office, Pond Street, near P. R. R. Depot.

Farms & Houses

FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

Rents and All Other Bills Collected.

EDW. N. BOOZ,

No. 10 Wood Street, Bristol, Pa.

Miscellaneous

THOMPSON'S BRISTOL CASH STORE,

MILL and CEDAR STS.

Coffee, 23c lb. Tea, 25c lb.
Rice, 5c. Avena, 11c.
Pettijons, 12c. Taploca, 6c.
Hominy, 6c.
Flour, Cornmeal Cheap.
Salmon Cutlets, 20c can,
French Picklette, 10c jar.
Many other New Goods, SEE THEM

—AT THE GREAT—

Burlington County Fair.

September 19-20-21-22, 1893.

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS OFFERED IN PRIZES.

Come and see its large and varied displays of

Agriculture, Horticulture and Floriculture, Manfactured Articles and Ladies' Handiwork.



TROTTING, RUNNING AND PACING,
DOG RACING,
HOMING PIGEONS,
LACROSSE BY INDIANS,

And many other Special Attractions.

Send for Catalogue to **HENRY I. BUDD, Cor. Sec'y,** MOUNT HOLLY, N. J.

An Ordinance

Repealing an ordinance entitled "An ordinance relating to the establishment of monuments and the preservation of records of streets and the grades thereof in the Borough of Bristol," enacted the 10th day of January, A. D., 1887; and an ordinance entitled "An ordinance concerning pavements," enacted the 25th day of May, 1885; and an ordinance entitled "An ordinance concerning highways," enacted the 27th day of September, 1853.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

SECTION 1. That an Ordinance entitled "An Ordinance relating to the establishment of monuments and the preservation of records of streets and the grades thereof in the Borough of Bristol," enacted the Tenth day of January, A. D., 1887, and an Ordinance entitled "An Ordinance concerning pavements," enacted the Twenty-fifth day of May, 1885; and an Ordinance entitled "An Ordinance concerning highways," enacted the Twenty-seventh day of September, 1853, be, and the same are hereby repealed. Provided, however, that in all cases where notices have been given by the Committee on Streets and Highways under the Ordinance enacted May 25th, 1885, the further proceedings shall be under the provisions of the said Ordinance

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber this 10th day of July, A. D., 1893.

T. B. HARKINS, Burgess.

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

An Ordinance

Requiring the curbing, paving and guttering of the east side of Linden street, from Mifflin street to Otter creek, and the west side of Linden street, from Otter street to Otter creek.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

SECTION 1. That it shall be the duty of all owners of property fronting upon the east side of Linden street, between Mifflin street and Otter creek, and of all owners of property upon the west side of Linden street, from Otter street to Otter creek, to curb, pave and gutter that portion of the said street in front of their respective properties upon the east side, in accordance with Plan No. 6, of the Surveys of Bristol Borough; and upon the west side in accordance with Plan No. 19, of the Surveys of Bristol Borough; and upon both sides in accordance with the provisions of an Ordinance, entitled "An Ordinance providing for the manner in which the grading, paving, curbing and guttering of the streets of the Borough of Bristol shall hereafter be done," approved the 10th day of July, A. D. 1893, with-failure or neglect to comply with the provisions of this Ordinance for the space of three months, the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol shall cause any paving, curbing or guttering so neglected to be done, to be at once constructed, and shall proceed to collect the cost of the same, with the penalty thereto annexed, from the delinquent owner, according to law.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber this 10th day of July, A. D. 1893.

T. B. HARKINS, Burgess.

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

An Ordinance

Providing for the manner in which the grading, paving, curbing and guttering of the streets of the Borough of Bristol shall hereafter be done.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain, that whenever hereafter the Burgess and Council shall, by Ordinance, direct any street or part of a street to be graded, paved, curbed or guttered, unless otherwise specially provided in the Ordinance directing such grading, paving, curbing or guttering, the said grading, paving, curbing and guttering shall be done in accordance with the following provisions:

FIRST. The curb-line shall be eleven feet distant from the street line. The curb shall be set with its outside edge upon the said line, and shall be of concrete or of stone, not less than eighteen inches wide by three and one-half inches in thickness, and shall show a face of seven inches upon the gutter side.

SECOND. Pavements shall be laid of bricks, flag-stones or concrete, extending for the distance of eight and one-half feet from the street line, and with a rising grade of one-half inch to the foot from the curb-line to the street-line.

THIRD. Gutters shall be constructed seven inches in depth at the curb-line, and shall be finished eight inches wide from the curb-line with bricks set on edge, flag-stones or concrete, and for a further distance of sixteen inches with cobble-stones well rammed, or with other stones well laid. They shall be constructed with a rise of four inches from the curb to the outside line of the cobbles or other stones, as aforesaid.

FOURTH. The road-bed shall be constructed with the centre line four inches higher than the curb-line.

FIFTH. Whenever alleys open out of any street, crossings shall be laid with a double line of flag-stones, each not less than eighteen inches in width and eighteen inches apart, with the space between said flag-stones, and for eighteen inches on either side paved with cobble-stones well rammed, or with other stones well set.

SIXTH. All curbing, paving, guttering and grading shall be subject to the direction, supervision, control and acceptance of the Committee upon Streets and Highways.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber this 10th day of July, A. D., 1893.

T. B. HARKINS, Burgess.

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, July 12th, 1893.

RESOURCES.		
Loans and discounts		$526,977 15
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	40,000 00	
Stocks, securities, etc	44,296 59	
Due from approved reserve agents,	46,789 61	
Due from other National Banks	1,059 38	
Due from State Banks and bankers,	17 17	
Banking-house furniture, and fixtures.	9,500 00	
Current expenses and taxes paid	1,458 50	
Checks and other cash items	1,983 88	
Bills of other Banks	2,249 00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents	105 22	
Specie	22,300 00	
Legal tender notes	43,499 00	
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,800 00	
TOTAL		$741,346 30
LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock paid in		$ 92,220 00
Surplus fund		115,000 00
Undivided profits		12,528 04
National Bank notes outstanding		81,760 00
Dividends unpaid		361 20
Individual deposits subject to check		448,481 64
Due to other National Banks		30,593 40
Due to State Banks and bankers,		1,397 02
TOTAL		$741,346 30

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss:

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 14th day of July, 1893.

W. H. BOOZ, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:

I. A. HOGUET,
ANTHONY SWAIN,
BENJ. J. TAYLOR, } Directors

The Northern Pacific R. R.

St. Paul and Duluth to Tacoma and Portland.

NORTH DAKOTA BAD LANDS:

Among the most interesting sights along the entire line of this road are the strange BAD LANDS of North Dakota. Here fire and water have played great pranks. The residuum is a landscape of the most peculiar sort. Bluffs and hills of grotesque form, and again of most graceful and rounded shape and of vivid colors are seen. It is a region of fanciful creations.

- THE -
- HOTEL -
BROADWATER.

At Helena, the capital of Montana, there is a summer hotel and resort of unusual excellence. The BROADWATER is equal to anything in this country. The surroundings are artistically laid out and the whole effect is restful and pleasant in the extreme. In connection with it there is the largest Natatorium in the world, fed by both hot and cold water from natural springs. Be sure and rest here a day or two.

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NATURAL RAINFALL.

DOES NATURE SLIGHT LAND IF TREES HAVE BEEN REMOVED?

A Problem That the Son of Columbus Started Out to Solve—Many Scientists of Various Countries Have Given the Subject Much Study.

A son of Christopher Columbus once undertook a task of discovery that proved much more difficult than that which his father had tackled so successfully. In a comparatively short time Christopher had the solution of his problem. The answer which his son, Fernando, set out to find is still missing. But the younger Columbus thought he had discovered the true relations of forests to water supplies, and he announced that the copious rainfall of Jamaica was produced by the island's wealth of forests and that the decrease of rain in the Azores and Canaries was because of the removal of the wooded areas.

For as long perhaps as men have given any thought to this matter it has been the common supposition that forests increase the rainfall within the area of their supposed influence, and in that way and other ways augment the flow of brooks and rivers. The earlier efforts to determine through scientific methods whether there is any good ground for the supposition were made with appliances so crude that the margin for error must have been considerably in excess of the influence, if any, which the investigators hoped to measure. In later years efforts in the same direction have been made with great pains, mostly in European countries, but the problem has been found to have so many factors that, although the mass of information collected is extremely interesting, the main question remains practically unanswered. The results of these efforts, together with some interesting observations thereon, are set forth in a bulletin of the forestry division of the department of agriculture.

Water comes as near being indestructible as any substance of which we know. Consequently the total quantity of it in the earth and in the earth's atmosphere is always the same. Only a very small percentage of it is what one of the writers in this bulletin terms the circulating part of the earth's water capital. The sun makes vapor of water that is lying at its level or is on the way to find its level. This vapor is condensed until it is heavier than the air and starts again toward its level, and that is how the circulation goes on. In what way does the presence of forests influence this circulation?

It would be a long story to tell of the methods employed in France, Germany, Sweden, Austria and other countries of Europe to measure the various influences that must be considered in determining how and to what extent the rainfall and the flow of streams are affected by the presence of forests. A very important factor, since heat is what starts the movement of the earth's circulating water capital, is the matter of temperature, and the results of the investigations seem to show beyond dispute that forests reduce the maxima and the minima of temperature, that they reduce the maxima more than the minima, and that consequently their effect is to make the average temperature for the year cooler.

Also, their moderating influence is greater than their cooling effect. Because the air above forest regions is slightly cooler than the strata over treeless tracts, condensation should be more rapid than over open fields, and the rainfall should be greater. These cooler bodies of air, being blown over adjacent regions that are not wooded, should also increase somewhat the precipitation there. That is the theory, and it seems to be in some degree supported by the measurements that have been made.

Accepting the conclusion that, in general, forests increase slightly the fall of rain, snow and dew, it remains to be determined how much of this increase is available for beneficial purposes. Part of it is intercepted by foliage, and is returned to the atmosphere by evaporation without having reached the ground. The proportion so retained varies with the nature of the foliage, the density of the forest and the season of the year. The retention by evergreen trees that perhaps 30 per cent of the precipitation is thus intercepted and returned to the atmosphere. Of course this interception and evaporation go on where the surface of the earth is covered by grass and other growing crops. Whether it is sufficiently greater in the forest than in the field to do away with the excess of precipitation on wooded tracts over that on cleared areas is an unsettled question.

Of the 70 per cent of rainfall which, it is estimated, reaches the ground in forests, a part is very quickly returned to the atmosphere by evaporation, but here the loss is considerably less than in the open field. Under certain conditions it is not more than 18 per cent of what it would be on bare soil, but the conditions are so various that it is difficult to arrive at an average. Again, out of this 70 per cent of precipitation which reaches the ground in wooded areas must be deducted the loss by transpiration, "the process by which the plant gets rid of the surplus water after having drawn it from the soil in order to extract from it the nutriment which is present in only a very highly attenuated solution." Various ingenious methods have been resorted to for determining the amount of moisture used in this way, but because of the many factors having to do with it, the amount for the various kinds of vegetation can be indicated only with a wide margin for variations.

While as it stands now nobody can say, as a result of scientific investigation, whether forests increase the fall of rain, snow or dew to an appreciable extent, there is no room for doubt that wooded areas are valuable conservators of moisture. In this way they make the flow of streams more even, and they preserve the constancy of springs. In wooded areas there is a loss by interception and evaporation in the foliage and by transpiration, and there is a considerable gain in the protection from evaporation from the surface of the ground. It is not probable that this conservation of the water supply comes anywhere near the mark drawn by those who hold that the preservation of woodland insures an abundance of water supply, but the benefits resulting from it are sufficient to be considered among the other excellent reasons for looking well to the preservation of forests. —New York Sun.

In an English novel now little read a brother and sister are described as escaping from a schoolroom and hanging over the stair rail to watch the guests at a ball make their way from the dressing room to the drawing room.

"Why is it," asks the sister, "that the older and scrawnier they get the more back they show?"

Other people besides the small English girl have asked the same question.—Harper's Bazar.

Modern Methods of Entertaining.

When people meet for mutual entertainment and are so unutterably bored that they have to call in some man or woman who makes a business of being amusing to help them out, what is to become of the whole scheme of human association? The clever variety artists who have lately been "doing their acts" at private entertainments are very well worth seeing, but why they should be grafted on to the dinner or garden party? Can the exertions of a strong man or a skirt dancer vicariously promote digestion? Why should a hostess think it worth while to offer her guests a form of entertainment which the proletariat witnesses nightly for 25 cents a head?—Kate Field's Washington.

Eating Oranges.

In southern Europe the peasants always eat fruit in its natural shape and never think of treating it to doses of sugar, salt or other seasoning. Around Naples and in Malaga the people bite a hole in the orange, suck out the juice and then throw the orange away. Small American people often do the same, but of course the American must try his hand at improving nature, so he puts a lump of sugar in it. An orange planter thinks such a thing desecration.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

WORTH WHILE.

I pray thee, Lord, that when it comes to me
To say if I will follow truth and thee,
Or choose instead to win, as better worth
My pains, some cloying recompense of earth—

Grant me, Great Father, from a hard fought field,
Forespent and bruised, upon a battered shield,
Home to obscure endurance to be borne
Rather than live my own mean gains to scorn

Far better fall with face turned toward the goal,
At one with wisdom and my own worn soul,
Than ever come to see myself prevail,
When to succeed at last is but to fail.

Mean ends to win and therewith be content—
Save me from that! Direct thou the event
As suits thy will. Where e'er the prizes go,
Grant me the struggle, that my soul may grow.
—Edward S. Martin in Scribner's.

A Son's Epitaph.

The news of the Merrimac's arrival in Hampton roads and of her first day's fight before she met the Monitor reached Washington on a Sunday afternoon. The telegram was brief but explicit. The ironclad was in complete control of the roads. Messengers were hastily dispatched, summoning the chiefs of bureaus to a council at the navy department. One of these messengers, sent in search of Commodore Smith, found that officer on his way home from church, and he knew that the commodore's only son was first lieutenant of the ill fated Congress.

"Commodore," said the man, "there is bad news from Hampton Roads. The Merrimac has come down from Norfolk, the Minnesota and Roanoke are disabled, the Cumberland sunk, and the Congress is on fire and has surrendered."

"Surrendered! The Congress has hauled down her colors?" repeated the commodore, and as the messenger confirmed his words, "Then my son Joe is dead," said the commodore simply—and that was all.

There have been long winded epitaphs, many of them, but not every father could be so sure of his son's character as to honor his memory before receiving the news of his death with such a tribute as that. "Joe" was indeed dead, as modest and as brave a man as ever drew sword in a good cause.—New York Tribune.

Men In New York Who Buy Pictures.

"Don't count on the rich men of this city to buy your pictures," said a well known art dealer to an ambitious artist who was talking of bursting upon the New York public. "They won't do it. And to tell you the truth," he went on, "in all New York there are not more than 150 persons who really love pictures—art for art's sake, you know—who, in short, if they had opera tickets for a certain night, would throw them aside for the sake of visiting some good paintings."

"Isn't that a small art loving public for a large town?"

"Yes, it is, but it's the fact. I tell you the men who will buy your pictures if they like them are the salaried men, head clerks, junior partners—men who when they like a thing like it very much and are willing to deny themselves for the sake of owning it.

"As a rule, it is not the married man who will take your picture. I could count on less than all my fingers the men of well known wealth who buy pictures in New York. They will commend, but they won't buy They can afford to go higher, and that means to go abroad."—New York Sun.

SMALL ENOUGH TO GO THROUGH.

The Parson Tells a Story About a Man With a Conscience.

"That reminds me," said the parson as he took another handful of crackers from the barrel and cut a slice from the cheese on the counter, while the proprietor of the store moved uneasily in his seat, "that reminds me of the experience of a member of the church of which I was the pastor up in Oregon one spring. The story was told to me by Brother Jones himself while in a fit of remorse.

"'Parson,' he said to me, 'parson, do you remember the time that you asked every member of the church to contribute a quarter for the purpose of paying for the hymn books which had just been bought for the Sunday school?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'Brother Jones, I remember the time very well.'

"'Well, I saw the contribution box go around and seeing nearly every body drop in a quarter. When it came to Brother Smith, he put in half a dollar, and I don't know why it was unless satan had me in his clutches, but I said to myself, "There, now, he has put in enough to make up for mine," and I felt of the quarter in my pocket. Just then the box came to Widow Franklin, and she did not put in anything. "There," said I, "now I'll have to put in my quarter, if times are hard, and the children do need shoes, and the prospect for crops are not good this year."

"'While I was thinking this way, Elder Bennett passed the box to Brother Brown, and he put in another half. Satan got me again and seemed to whisper in my ear, "There, that's for you," and so when the box reached me next I just looked the other way, and Elder Bennett passed along to the next pew, after giving the box a shake to attract my attention, but I pretended not to notice it.

"'Well, you know I had nearly seven miles to walk home. When I got half way and was going through the woods, it began to rain hard, and it grew dark much sooner than I had counted on. I remembered a hollow tree just big enough for me to squeeze into which stood a little farther on, so I hurried and reached it before I got very wet. The rain began to pour down now, so I decided to remain in the tree until it stopped, knowing that the folks would not worry, because I often remained in town over night when I went to church on Sundays.

"'I made myself as comfortable as possible in that tree, and somehow or other I fell asleep and never woke up until daylight the next morning. When I did open my eyes, I found that the water had soaked that tree and swelled it up so that the crack through which I had crawled myself was not more than an inch wide. I was a prisoner sure enough, and I might as well have tried to make Flint, my landlord, knock off some of the rent of my farm in a bad year as to try and open that crack any. I had on my best clothes, and I had left even my jackknife at home.

"'Well, you know, parson, that it rains sometimes three days, sometimes a week and often a month up in this country when it gets a good start. I looked out of the crack, and there did not seem to be any chance of its stopping. Then I began to think, "Suppose I should be confined here until I starve to death?" With this thought came recollections of my past life. I thought of everything which I had done which was not according to the Ten Commandments, of the unkind words I had spoken to my wife and children, and then I felt in my pocket, and my hand touched the quarter which I had kept the day before instead of putting it on the plate.

"'Would you believe it, parson, when I thought of that I felt so small that I passed out through that crack without the slightest difficulty!'"

Then the store door opened and closed softly, while the loungers caught their breath. There was a momentary cold blast from without, and the parson was gone.—New York Tribune.

Sympathy Appreciated.

I was a passenger on a Fourth avenue electric car an afternoon or so ago, and in the same car was a handsomely dressed and very pretty and modest looking young woman. She sat on the front seat, and her pretty face attracted the attention of two young men who occupied a seat in the middle of the car. She gave evident signs of being in considerable distress and now and then would twitch with pain. When at last she stopped the car and started to alight, the cause of her discomfort was evident. She was wearing tight shoes.

"My goodness," whispered one of the young men to his companion as the girl passed, "hasn't that girl got on tight shoes?"

"You bet I have!" the girl responded in a lugubrious tone as she turned through the door The young man who made the remark turned several different colors, while the other passengers smiled audibly, realizing that the girl's words had been the thoughtless remark of one in pain and longing for sympathy.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MEN AND THEIR MONEY.

One Writer Thinks You Can Read Character In the Handling of Money.

If you want to know something about a man's character, watch how he handles his money.

The generous, careless man carries his money loose in his pocket—copper, silver and gold all mixed up together—and when he is going to pay for anything he takes out a handful and picks out the amount he requires He seems to have no fear of robbery, for he is of a trustful disposition, and being perfectly honest himself thinks most others are like him.

Of course he is often cheated and imposed upon, yet he never entirely loses his faith in his fellow creatures. A fine nature is his—in fact, too fine to cope with the many greedy, grasping mortals that flood the world.

The man who, if he has to pay a few pence, won't even take the trouble of counting out the amount in coppers, but throws down a piece of silver to be changed—and by the by he rarely counts his change—is a type of "a fool and his money is soon parted." Perhaps a love of display, almost inseparable from such a character, has something to do with this.

The careful man always carries a purse and keeps the gold, silver and copper in different compartments. A man like this never wastes his money. He values it as it ought to be valued, and, though not niggardly, is determined to have his money's worth. He quite believes that "any fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to keep it," and he is right.

The mean man never lets you see what money he has. When he is going to pay for anything, he turns his back to you, clutches his money tightly, and, so to say, draws it out of his hand, placing the coins down one by one, for he is loath to part with them, even for necessaries.

Such a man is not far removed from a miser, who rarely carries money about his person at all, unless it be sewn up in his clothes.

Remember, the man who jingles his money in 99 cases out of 100 hasn't got much. A bunch of keys and a few coppers make a good deal of noise.—Philadelphia Times.

Who Was Born In Noah's Ark?

Occasionally a "would be smart Aleck" will ask the question, "What was the name of the person born in Noah's ark, and whose son was he?" If any of Noah's numerous progeny first saw the light of day while the ark was cruising over the mountain tops of Asia during those 40 semihistoric days which separate the antediluvian from the diluvian periods, it seems that it would be but a child's task to prove that fact If you are of this opinion and have great confidence in your biblical knowledge before reading further, make a search of your library for the name of the "ark born man"

First, you will find that your Bible does not even mention the occurrence and that your biblical handbooks are equally as silent. The Bible cyclopedias in my collection do not even give a hint of the fact of such a birth or of the name of the person thus born. "Lawson's Bible Cyclopedia" is especially rich in patriarchal biography, giving full "lines" of biblical characters of note and a supplementary "list of persons mentioned in the Scriptures of whom little is known," yet in all this vast array the "ark man's" name is not to be found.

In one of the six existing manuscripts of the "Ancient Saxon Chronicles," however, at the very end, I find the following, "Bedwig was the son of Shem, who was the son of Noah, and he, Bedwig, was born in the ark." In Herbert's "Nimrod" I find this reference to the "ark born man," "Kybek is the ark, and as Cush was begotten in the ark his posterity were, in a peculiar sense, descended from that ship" Several of the ancient writers speak of the Cushites as being the "ark begotten people."—St. Louis Republic.

Sly Marriages.

There is one very important matter to which we desire our youthful readers to give heed. If you will try an interesting experiment, you will see what we mean and why we feel bound to utter a warning.

Looking over the news columns of your paper some evening you discover that Mary Roe and John Doe were secretly married a are like corkscrews, for every time they turn round they find their way deeper into suspicious incidents—has run upon the fact—by accident—and instantly made it public.

Now keep watch of the same columns for three months, and the chances are 99 to 1 that another event will have happened, namely, that Mr. and Mrs Doe have had a pretty rough time of it for 90 days and that one of the parties has appealed to the courts for relief and release.

There is a logical connection between a secret marriage and domestic misery which is almost as inevitable as the fall of a stone that is thrown into the air. If what you contemplate can't be done openly and before the whole world, it is not safe to do it at all. The God of nature has so arranged the universe that what is done secretly has a boomerang quality which is very disagreeable.—New York Telegram.

The Color of Cigars.

Nearly every man who smokes thinks he knows a lot about tobacco and puts on wise airs about it. He will render a decision on a 4 cent cigar with a gravity and a cock sureness that are worthy of a supreme court judge. But I fell in with an old hotel keeper the other day who said that this talk about brands and growths and all that was gammon and that most men were not able to tell whether they were smoking Connecticut seed leaf or straight Havana.

"But I supposed pure Havana was heavy and black," said I.

"That's where you're wrong again. It may be heavy, and it may not. I've struck Carolina stinkers that would make me blind. But as to blackness, that signifies nothing These brands, claro, colorado and maduro, stand for light, medium and dark; but that's all. They don't tell what the taste or strength is going to be. I've smoked black cigars that were mild and light ones that were strong. In making up a batch of claros, if the wrapper happens to be a little dark the manufacturer will chuck it into a box of colorados or even maduros. It's all luck with what kind of a cigar you're going to get."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The End of a Careless Fisherman.

George Wiley of Jones county, Miss., went fishing. Friends after awhile found him hanging by one leg to a tree over Pearl river and very dead indeed. It was found that he had run his fishline over a limb and tied it to his leg for security. A 150 pound catfish seized the hook and promptly pulled Mr. Wiley up, holding him there until dead. —New York Recorder.

Femininity of a Canoe.

A canoe is considered by many to be more decidedly feminine than any other craft. She is coy, she has pretty little coquettish ways, and she is a store of perpetual surprises. "Beware, take care; she is fooling thee!"

Perhaps because she is a kindred spirit the canoe is particularly adapted to woman's use. A canoe must be made a friend, and it cannot be driven, but must be led. A canoe is a shy water sprite; any violent or sudden action frightens her, and if she is displeased she throws one overboard.—Boston Advertiser.

Saying a Prayer For Himself.

Robbie Little, a boy of 8, never forgets to say his prayers. Not long ago he had just finished praying, when his mamma remarked that his prayer must have been very short. "Well," he said, "I prayed for brother and for you. Now, I think I had better put in a fling for myself."—New Orleans Picayune.

The Victoria cross, which we often read of having been conferred upon some British soldier for conspicuous bravery, is of the Maltese form, made from Russian cannons captured at Sevastopol.

That delicious fruit, the mangosteen, has been called Siam's peculiar glory. It grows only in Siam and a few neighboring localities.

Flatirons should be kept as far removed from the steam of cooking as possible, as this is what causes them to rust.

REPAIRING AN OCEAN CABLE.

Breaks In Submarine Wires Are Mended With Little Difficulty.

It has always been a matter of speculation and wonder to most people as to how a marine cable once broken in midocean is ever got together again. The explanation is this: First, it must be known that the cable practically rests everywhere on the bottom of the sea. Of course there are places where sudden deep places coming between shallow ones will cause the cable to make a span as over a ravine or gully. In other places the ocean is so deep that the cable finds its specific gravity somewhere in midwater, so to speak. In that case it rests quite as firmly as if it were on solid ground.

When a break occurs, the first step of course is to accurately locate its position. A conductor such as a cable offers a certain amount of obstruction or "resistance" to the passage of an electric current. Apparatus has been devised for the measuring of this "resistance." The unit of resistance is called an ohm. The resistance of the average cable is, roughly speaking, three ohms per nautical mile. Resistance practically ceases at the point where the conductors make considerable contact with the water. Therefore if when measuring to locate a break it be found that the measuring apparatus indicates a resistance of 900 ohms the position of the fault will be known to be 300 miles from shore.

With this information the captain of the repairing ship is able to determine by his charts of the course of the cable, the latitude and longitude of the spot where the break occurred and can proceed with certainty to effect the repair. When the approximate neighborhood of the track is reached, a grapnel is dropped overboard, and the vessel steams slowly in a course at right angles to the run of the cable. On the deck of the ship there is a machine called the dynometer, which, as its name implies, is used to measure resistance The rope securing the grapnel passes under this. If the dynometer records a steady increase of strain, it indicates that the grapnel has caught the cable. If, on the other hand, the resistance varies from nothing to tons and from tons to nothing again, it is known that the grapnel is only engaging rocks or other projections of an uneven bottom. It is frequently necessary to drag over such a ground several times before the cable can be secured.

Having secured one end of the parted cable, the vessel moors it to a buoy and proceeds to search for the other end. When both ends are brought together on deck, the electrician holds communication with the shore on both sides to make sure that there are no other defective places and that the cable is perfect in both directions. This having been satisfactorily determined, all that remains is to splice the ends together and drop the cable once more back into the sea.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Like Greek Meeting Greek.

The other day a son of the Green Isle, whose heavy brogues still bore the traces of the bogs and whose tongue was thick with the brogue of County Cork, stepped into a police station and asked for the captain

"What d'yez want here?" inquired the haughty sergeant at the desk.

"Oi want a job," says the verdant visitor.

"Well, this ain't no place fur a job, unless it's a noice cozy cell yez want."

"A cill is it, begob? An is thet th' way yez got yer job on the foorce?"

His haughtiness nearly fell off his stool. He finally came around the rail and looked the singular visitor over.

"Who sent yez to the station fur a job?"

"Every Oirish lad Oi met," retorted the man. "Whinever Oi axed fur wurreck they told me to go on th' p'lice."

"How long since yez come over?"

"A fortnight come tomorrer," said the man.

"An what kind of a job is it you'd be after havin here?"

"Shure, an yez don't s'poge Oi kem here to feed chickens? Oi want a job on th' foorce."

"Howly mother," exclaimed the sergeant, running his hands through his hair, "not here two wakes an are wantin to be a policeman!"

"Oi am that, mon!" was the confident reply.

kiddin ye, lad!" The officer spoke sympathetically. "Wait till y' kin spake th' langwidge of the country an know Broadway from Baxter street."

"Begob, an it's langwidge, is it, yer givin me? Shure an yez ain't bin over mor'n siven wakes yerself! Yer brogue's as thick as a bog! I'll see the capt'in."

And he waited half an hour and required the entire reserve to put him out.—New York Herald.

Religious Toleration In England.

We are apt to be very proud of our religious toleration, forgetting that this is quite a new idea among ourselves. As the religious statistics of the Punjab seem to show, it must be a very old idea in the east. Only 140 years have passed since the mild sect of Episcopalians were persecuted in Scotland. Only 230 years have gone by since Mr. James Guthrie petitioned King Charles to persecute every one who did not agree with him (Mr. Guthrie), whereupon they hanged Mr. Guthrie, "pour encourager les autres." Now, in the dusky orient, toleration must have been more prevalent, or the Punjab could scarcely rejoice in so many religions. Sir Alfred Lyall has shown that almost any man who can preach and work miracles may found a new sect, and these gifts are or are esteemed to be very common in the east.

Thus, in Mr. Maclagan's estimate, he reckons about 90,000 believers in Yogism. Their tenets are very contrary to those with which the "bad squire" informed the mind of Mr. Robert Elsmere. "In the miracles of the New Testament they see nothing wonderful," as being persuaded that miracles are matters of common occurrence. Outside the circle of contributors to The Journal of Physical Research this doctrine is not held by 90,000 English people If the Yogis are so accomplished as they declare, it is to be regretted that they do not come over and work a few miracles under test conditions. If a Yogi, sealed up in a bag, with Mr. Meyer's eye upon him, can make tables walk about the room, then we are prepared to admit that there is something in Yogism. A miracle will be all the more miraculous if performed in unhappy climatic conditions.—London News.

The Deadly Friction Match.

While people are wearing thin dresses and matches are dropped on bare floors it seems next to impossible to prevent a sudden blazing up from the match trodden on to the clothes, such as happened to a senator's wife the other day. Fortunately there were water jugs and rugs close at hand, which quickly extinguished the blaze, but if none of these articles had been nearer than an upper story Mrs. Porter might have been burned to death while they were being fetched to her aid. The boy in the renovator shop, too, who had not examined the contents of the coat he was scouring with naptha or benzine, supplied just the friction that forgotten match was waiting for and immediately an enveloping fire. Surely it is easy to use only safety matches about the house in summer that strike only on the box and may be trodden on with impunity.

The more convenient friction matches, striking anywhere, can be reserved for use when people are all wearing woolen clothes. There are many summer houses where a friction match is never allowed, because polished floors and summer draperies of thin stuffs give these perilous little explosives their chance to do the work of a dynamite bomb. You would not have dynamite kept in the house, even as a curiosity. Why, then, have a tiny household appliance that may be just as dangerous to life if not to property?—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Aggravated Offense.

"It's a very sad case about that big burglary at Simpson's house last night, isn't it?"

"Burglary at Simpson's? I hadn't heard of it? What did the burglars get?"

"A big haul of money. All the savings of the poor fellow for the past four years."

"You don't say so? Why did he have such a sum in the house?"

"He had given it to his wife to pay a dressmaking bill."—Detroit Free Press.

Letter Carrying In China.

In China before a letter is mailed or delivered to the carrier its contents are displayed, and the keeper of the letter shop then signs his "chop," or sign, so that its point of origin may be determined. Parcels may be transmitted in the same manner, the charge for carrying being a percentage of their declared value. The shop keeper gives a receipt for the letter or package, and he thus becomes responsible for its safe delivery or its return to the sender with seal unbroken. In some parts of the empire about two-thirds of the expense of transmission is paid by the sender, the remainder being collected from the receiver. Thus the shop is secured against entire loss from transient customers, and the sender has some guarantee that his letter will be conveyed with dispatch. Native merchants who are regular customers keep an open account with the shop and make their settlements monthly.

Miscellaneous



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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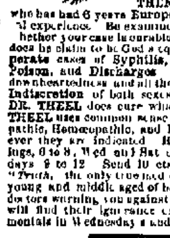
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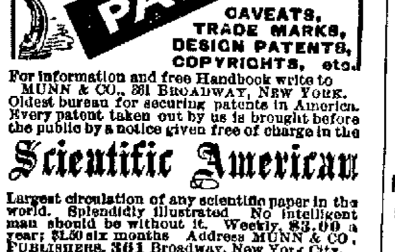
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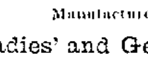
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